TRAVELS IN EUROPE

BARLOSIUS

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A VISIT TO

England, France and Germany,

MADE IN 1862,

AND

To Germany in 1885.

BY MRS. C. F. BARLOSIUS,

OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

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DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND.

The author, born and raised in the county of Stafford, Virginia, a county made memorable by scenes enacted within its borders during the war between the States, is deeply indebted to a kind, generous and noble husband for the privilege of looking beyond the confines of her native land and of observing the manners and customs of the people of the Old World, from which he came.

To my husband is this work affectionately dedicated; and the author, aware of her many delinquencies, and her inexperience as a writer, begs a generous public to pardon and overlook, what may seem to the critic an act of temerity, in introducing herself and her travels in this manner to the public.

A TRIP TO EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

We, husband and I, left New York on the steamer Glasgow, Captain Roskell, bound for Liverpool, July 5th, 1862, when the storm cloud of war dimmed our country's sunny skies. We had many passengers and a rich cargo. We left about three o'clock. The weather was exceedingly warm; we found it necessary to leave the window open in our state-room. In the night we got out to sea, when the waves, rolling mountain high, came in our window, and, as I had never been to sea before, I was very much frightened, and thought the ship had sprung a leak. I got up and opened the door leading into the saloon, and told the steward, "For God's sake, tell the captain the ship has sprung a leak and is sinking." Every place was dark, as the lights were put out in the rooms at twelve o'clock. The steward told me to go back to bed, and he would inform me when there was any danger. I went back to my state-room, and passed the long, weary night in anguish and tears, imagining all kinds of horrors. I sat on the floor all night, praying, every once in awhile putting my hand on the floor to see if the water was rising. Of

course, every time the ship made a lurch, the water, collected on the ledges and furniture from the open window, would fall on me as I sat on the floor.

I cannot describe my feelings. I will *never*, no, never forget that dreadful night. I moaned all night, remembering there were but a few planks between me and eternity. The long, weary night passed, and the sun rose like a ball of fire out of the sea; then I saw my fears were groundless, and felt very much ashamed of myself, especially at the breakfast table, when some of the gentlemen asked the captain if he knew the ship had sprung a leak last night, when he passed, looking knowingly at me. Every time I saw the steward he would smile. After the first night I was not afraid, and would go to my stateroom without fear, and thought it grand to be lulled to sleep by the booming of the waves against the ship; and no passenger on the steamer could go up and down the steps with more agility than I could, and the doctor said I would make a capital stewardess as I was never sea sick. Time passed very pleasantly for the next few days; we had music and games of all kinds. We often sat on the deck and watched the sea-gulls light on the waves to rest. On the fourth day out, a beautiful young Irish girl, who had left New York, hoping to reach her native land, *died*, with the pathetic appeal to the Captain not to bury her in the cruel, treacherous sea. The passengers were saddened by the event, and many shed tears to the memory of the poor girl who never lived

to reach her native shores, where, perhaps, friends were waiting to welcome her. Long years have passed since then, but often I think of her and her sad fate. We buried her at sunrise in the deep, blue sea. The minister read the burial service, the corpse was sewed up in canvass and a plank arranged for sliding the body into the sea, and as the last word of the burial service was spoken, it was cast into the waters, just as the sun was rising. It was a sad and solemn sight. There she will remain lulled to sleep by the music of Naid Queens in the gloomy aisles of the deep, while loving hearts are pining for one sweet look of eyes closed forever in sleep; yes, dead, dead and by the wild sea's cold lips kissed: and hearts that are lightest shall know of a grief for her who shall ever be missed.

Proud was the head, now at rest 'neath thy waves; lovely the form in thy fathomless caves, "Oh, whispering sea," oh, merciless sea. A few days after, twin babies were born in the steerage, and the ladies in the cabin called on the mother every day, bringing some little delicacy. The babies were very pretty, and we named them *Ocean* and *Oceana*, because they were children of the sea, rocked by the wild waves on the bosom of the stormy Atlantic. When the steamer arrived at Queenstown, they, with their parents, went ashore, and the children of the sea were lost to us *forever*.

We met many ships, which were always saluted. One day the sailors cast a net behind the ship, which

brought up a quantity of strange looking fish, and among them was a curious looking one, which the sailors said was a *Mermaid.* It made a strange, moaning noise. The Captain ordered it thrown back in the sea. We saw a great many sharks and whales, also porpoises, and the icebergs were coming down like huge mountains. The Captain said they were as far under water as above it, and he had to steer the vessel so as to avoid the fields of floating ice. We saw also a great deal of sea-weed, which looked very beautiful, floating on the water.

CHAPTER II.

We arrived at Liverpool the evening of the 18th, and after our baggage was overhauled took a carriage for the Victoria Hotel (patronized by Her Majesty), where we had to pay for passing the parlor door and looking in. The strawberries for desert were sold by the piece. That night, after retiring, a little bird flew in the window and lit on the bed-post; I remarked, something has happened at home; my husband said, don't be so foolish. But the first letter we received brought the sad tidings of the death of a young colored man who lived with us, and would have taken the trip with us, but was taken ill the morning we left. He died just at the time the bird flew in the window. Before landing at Liverpool, we passed the coast of Ireland and Wales, and saw the chalk hills of England. I never saw a picture more beautiful than the coast of Ireland. My first impression of England was not very pleasant,—I saw so much poverty, so much misery.

We visited all the places of interest, but I cannot say I was very much impressed with Liverpool. The only place I saw that I liked was St. George's Hall, where we heard some fine music and singing. The Zoological Garden was not very fine. We went to several restaurants, gardens, and many public build-

ings, after which we left for London. On the route we passed many beautiful villages, and the country through which we passed was in the highest state of cultivation.

We stopped in London at Paynes' Hotel, near Temple Bar (which has since been pulled down). The Hotel was kept by a widow lady; we secured a very nice room, and every meal a girl dressed in a fancy cap would come up and say, "What will you have for breakfast, please?" I always said "Soles," which is a fish I am particularly fond of. The next day after arriving in London, we went sight-seeing; drove to the Bank of England; went through the Royal stables; saw all the Queen's riding horses, and carriages of every description. The stables are kept in perfect order, and the hostlers were all in livery. The horses were beautiful, and the name of each was over the stall. The Queen was at Isle of Wight, mourning for Prince Albert, who had died a short time before. We went to St. James' Park, and Hyde Park. Near the latter Park we observed an old woman with a table of refreshments; she had a cow tied to the leg of the table; we asked her for a glass of milk; she picked up a glass and milked the cow in it, and handed it to us; but not being partial to warm milk we declined. The Parks are beautiful, every thing is so neat and clean, not a dry leaf to be seen. A great many school-children seemed to be having a pic-nic in the Parks.

We went through the Thames Tunnel. Just im-

agine crossing the River Thames on dry land, and the ships sailing overhead. In the Tunnel there were tables of fancy articles and jewelry for sale, and a band of music played some very sweet airs. London is a very fine city, but it is foggy and misting nearly all the time, looks as if it rains six months in the year.

We went to the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where we saw Blondin walk the tight-rope, stretched across the roof of the Palace; also went to the great Exposition, where we saw many wonderful things from far distant lands. Some of the monuments are very fine. Among them may be mentioned the Nelson Monument. We went through a great many museums, and saw many monuments, dedicated to distinguished men. One day we went to Westminster Abbey, where we stood by the grave of Mary, Queen of Scotts, and Queen Elizabeth. There they repose, side by side; after life's storms they seem to rest well. Mary was the daughter of James V., of Scotland, and Mary, of Lorraine, eldest daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and widow of Lewis, Duke of *Longueville*. "She was married to Francis II., King of France, upon which occasion she assumed the title of Queen of England. On the death of her consort, Francis II., in 1560, she returned to Scotland, of which kingdom she was Queen, and espoused Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, who became jealous of some familiarities between his queen and David Rizzio, the famous Italian musician. Riz-

zio was killed in her presence, after which she became fond of the Earl of Bothwell, who killed Lord Darnley and married his queen, though he was the father of her son, Prince James. The Scotch Lords drove Bothwell into banishment, who lived very miserably, in Denmark," while the Earl of Murray assumed supreme authority in the name of Prince James, while the Queen took refuge in England, where Queen Elizabeth threw her into prison, and kept her there eighteen years, when she brought her to a trial for being an accomplice in certain conspiracies formed against her person, and for which she was beheaded on the 18th of February, 1587, in Fotheringay Castle, in the forty-sixth year of her age. Queen Elizabeth, who was an excellent dissembler, immediately sent a letter to her son, disavowing her privity to his mother's execution. History says that on the evening before her execution Queen Mary called in all her servants and asked their pardon for any offence toward them: took a solemn farwell of each, having distributed her money and jewels among them, she retired to rest at her usual hour, slept some, and spent the rest of the night in prayer. Towards morning she dressed herself in a rich robe of silk and velvet, which, of all her *wardrobe*, she had reserved for this awful occasion. While her women wept and lamented, she gently reproved them, and desired them to pray for her. The sheriff entered the room and informed her that her hour had come; she replied that she was ready and followed him with a serene

and cheerful countenance. In passing through the ante chamber, Sir Andrew Melville, the master of her household, fell on his knees, and lamented that he was doomed to carry the news of her unhappy fate to Scotland. "Weep not, good Melville, for me," she said, "but rather rejoice that Mary Stuart is to be so soon relieved of all her sorrows." She, then, delivered her last farewell and passed on to the place of execution, where a vast concourse was assembled. "The tolling bell and a universal murmer of sorrow announced her approach;" her countenance was pale and serene, and the religious composure of her look was even sublime. Her eyes being covered with a handkerchief, she laid herself down without fear or trepidation. At two strokes her head was severed from her body. Thus ended this mournful tragedy, which cast an indellible stain on the memory of Elizabeth, and threw a dark cloud over the annals of her glorious reign. Mary was a Catholic, and on the scaffold she was urged to renounce the errors of Popery, but she said, "I was born in this religion; I have lived in this religion, and in this religion I am *resolved* to die."

CHAPTER III.

In one of the museums we saw the pen with which Oliver Cromwell signed the death warrant of Charles I.: we were also in the room where he was sentenced, and saw the door out of which he passed on his way to execution. We went to the house of Parliament, also to a divorce court: saw several marriages. Saw in a large hall a man black as Hades, said to be King of Hayti: visited every place of interest—Zoological Garden, museums, monuments, theatres, concerts, crossed long bridges, sailed on the river Thames, rode in all kinds of vehicles, stood by the graves of many distinguished men; saw the picture of Robin Hood and his merry men. Robin Hood was an outlaw and robber, who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century in Sherwood Forest, England, with a body of followers, which included the famous Friar Tack, Little John, and the maid, Marian. Tradition paints him in romantic colors, as possessing gallant and magnanimous qualities, which endeared him to the lower classes, and won admiration from higher sources. He was considered the best archer in the world, his arrow never missing its aim: brave as the bravest, and if the stories sung to his memory are true, he was a jolly good hearted fellow. It is stated that

when he stole from the rich he often gave to the poor, and that he was never cruel or killed people without provocation, but for all that Robin Hood was a robber and an outlaw, with a price set upon his head.

We visited many fine theatres. In one we saw a play by a parcel of children, called Whittington and his Cat, which was very amusing. We went into a restaurant and ate shrimps, a kind of shell fish roasted; we gave a few cents for enough to make a meal; I never saw them before and thought them very nice. There are many restaurants kept on the American plan. In passing one of the principal streets we saw on a house a stone sarcophagus, said to contain the corpse of a *man*, whose name I have forgotten. He left in his will that as long as his body was above ground his relations should not inherit his wealth, so his body remains above ground to this day.

We made many pleasant acquaintances, among them a young Irish girl, who never tired of abusing Queen Victoria, and sounding the praises of Erin's green isle. She said she would yet live to see Ireland free. Many years have passed since then, but I have never forgotton those words. For the time will yet come when we will unfold Erin's flag and fling its folds to the breeze; and it will *yet wave* over the *Land* and *float* over the *Seas*.

"For her sons are true-hearted and free,
With despots and sceptres overthrown;

Will make for the Isle of the Sea
A Parliament house of their own;
Her daughters so fair and so true,
With virtues more precious than gold
On history's page will renew
The love and the legends of old.
We'll stand by the brave men at home,
Brave *Healy* and gallant Parnell;
Wherever our footsteps may roam
Our hearts in Dear Erin will dwell."

One day we went to Hampton Court Palace, the residence of the Kings and Queens, from William the Conqueror *down*. Their portraits hang in every room. From the windows, which overlook the private gardens, there is a grand view of the rivers, Thames, Mole and Ember, and the Surry hills in the distance. The slopes, yew trees and Queen Mary's bower, in the fore ground; also the railway station and road which conveys thousands of persons to see the splendid avenue of horse-chestnuts and *thorns* in full bloom in Bushby Park. The lime trees and roses fill the air with their rich fragrance.

We went all through the Palace—in the private dressing rooms, and bed rooms—saw the state bed of Queen Charlotte and King William III.; through the dining rooms, chapel, picture galleries. Among the pictures are some which I liked to look at and study attentively. One, the Queen of Bohemia. This amiable princess saw only a phantom of royalty, and had nothing more than the empty title of Queen; bore her misfortunes with that dignified composure

which can alone emanate from a truly virtuous mind. Her many privations, her long adversity, "her years of disappointment, only increased her resignation to the will of Heaven." So engaging was her behavior that in the low countries she was called "Queen of Hearts." General Wolfe, who stormed the heights of Abraham, and was shot in the midst of victory, when in the interval of fainting fits which preceded the agonies of death, he heard the cry, "They run;" being told it was the French, then said he, "Thank God! I die contented." Three days after the action Quebec surrendered, and Canada was lost to France. Wolfe fell in his thirty-fourth year. The original picture was painted for Earl Grosvener, but when George III. saw it, he was so delighted with it, that after lamenting he could not purchase it, his Majesty immediately ordered a copy for himself.

Another, Gondomar, Spanish Embassador to the Court of James I., who became all things to all *men*, for political purposes; who spoke Latin with King James, drank with the King of Denmark, his brother-in-law, and assured the Earl of Bristol, when Ambassador to Madrid, that he was an Englishman at heart. He was also very gallant to the ladies, to whom he frequently made presents; he is represented as a finished minister, possessing that consummate address which can hide the most insidious intentions under the appearance of openess and manly candor.

A magnificent painting of the Battle of Trafalgar, where Lord Nelson gloriously fell October 21, 1805.

The Royal Yacht in a storm, commemorating the interesting historical event of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, coming to England to be married to George III., in 1761.

The Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, consisting of nine pictures in water colors, painted by Andrea Mantegna, was bought by Charles I. for 80,000 pounds. Also, the paintings of Raphael, and a chalk drawing of his celebrated picture of the Transfiguration. This fine copy was made by Casanove for Lord Baltimore, who presented it to his Majesty George III. Raphael was one of the most celebrated painters of his day. He was called the Prince of Painters: he was born in 1483, and died on the day he completed his thirty-seventh year, having but lately finished his glorious work of the Transfiguration. His body was laid out in his painting room. This grand picture stood by it. No *funeral oration* could have *expressed*, so *forcibly*, as this simple arrangement, the unlimited powers of the human soul, or the frail tenure of earthly greatness. Tradition says Raphael was once painting an altar piece, which was for the time veiled from the curious gaze by green curtains while the paint was in process of drying. The artist, weary with his work, fell asleep before the closed hangings, but though his body slumbered, his wondrous mind still wandered through the realms of fancy, and as he lay in sleep he saw the curtains open, and standing between them, surrounded by myriads of cherubim, a glorious vision of the Madonna and her

child. For a moment only the apparition lasted, then the painter awoke to find the curtain closed before the altar piece. Next day he received an order to paint a Madonna and child for the *Sistine* Chapel, introducing Pope St. Sixtus.

Raphael, still haunted by the remembrance of his dream, resolved to paint what he had seen. He sketched the Madonna, surrounded by angel heads. With the green curtains drawn back on both sides, St. Sixtus knelt down in admiration, his tiara resting on the altar ledge. St. Barbara occupied the other side of the painting. The picture was complete, the vision was there, and the requirements of the order fulfilled, *still* something was wanting. The bare ledge troubled the artist's eye, till one day, going to his study, he saw two boys leaning on the side, looking intently at his work. He seized the happy moment and fixed them on his canvas as the "adoring cherubim." We went through a beautiful colonnade erected by Sir Christopher Wren, who was a celebrated architect, and was employed by William III. to pull down part of the old Palace, and to build what is now called the Fountain Court, where all the state apartments are, which was finished in 1690. Wren was born in Wiltshire in 1632. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Oxford, and in 1657, was chosen Professor of Astronomy. At Gresham College, in 1665, he was nominated architect for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral; and immediately after the fire of

London, he drew the plan of a new city, which he presented to the King, but it was not adopted. In 1668, he succeeded to the office of Surveyor-General of his Majesty's works. He died in 1723, in the 91st year of his age, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is the greatest effort of his genius.

In the bed room of King William III., is the state bed of Queen Charlotte. The furniture is a beautiful specimen of embroidered needle-work, executed at an institution for the orphan daughters of clergymen, which was under the patronage of Her Majesty. The ceiling represents night and morning; the clock which stands at the head of the bed runs twelve months without winding. There is a splendid painting of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, whole length, in armour, dated 1698, the year in which the Czar visited England. Peter the Great was born in Moscow, 11th of June, 1672. A monarch who proved one of the greatest benefactors to his country; he founded St. Petersburg, improved the marine, taught the Russians the art of ship building, encouraged learning, promoted commerce, and extended the power and political influence of Muscovey. Voltaire said: "He gave a polish to his people, and was himself a savage: he taught them the art of war, of which he himself was ignorant. From the sight of a small boat on the river Moskwa, he created a powerful fleet, made himself an expert and active shipwright, sailor, pilot and commander; he

changed the manners, customs and laws of the Russians, and lives in their memory as the father of his country."

The King's private dressing room is hung with tapestry representing the battle of Soleby; some vases in this room were brought to England by King William III. George II. and his Queen Caroline, were the last sovereigns that resided at Hampton Court; it is said to contain eight acres of land. We went through the Maze, which is constructed like an immense puzzle, with hundreds of bushes, some six feet high. Parties go in there and start in different directions, and try to find each other. "This becomes bewildering, as you are bound to lose yourself, and sometimes wander around for hours. It affords lots of fun for lovers."

Near by is the great grape vine that annually bears thousands of bunches of grapes, and is dedicated *wholly* to the Queen's service. The Kew garden is very fine: some very large trees grow in this garden. In the Museum we saw an old Sedan chair, said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth to attend grand masquerades.

> "Can't you fancy Sir Plumes, as beside her he stands,
> With his ruffles adroop on his delicate hands;
> With his cinnamon coat, and his laced solitaire,
> As he lifts her out *light* from the old Sedan chair?"

When Queen Elizabeth died, twenty-seven fans were found in her wardrobe; one of them was valued at £400. The handle was covered with diamonds.

And six thousand dresses were found in her wardrobe at her death. One very interesting picture of Queen Elizabeth, taken when she was twelve years of age, hangs in the Queen's gallery; the complexion is fair, the hair light red. Over a white satin skirt, richly embroidered with gold, she has a crimson dress, adorned at the waist and neck with jewels and pearls, and a cap of the same color, also embroidered with jewels. In her long, thin hands she holds a prayer-book. The picture is most elaborately finished.

In an allegorical picture of Elizabeth, when thirty-six years of age, she is represented in a splendid dress, with the Orb and Scepter, attended by her maids of honor, at which *Venus* is abashed, *Minerva* is astonished, and *Juno* put to flight.

The great Hall in the Palace was designed by Wolsey, and finished by Henry VIII., when Anne Boleyn was in the height of favor. It is one hundred and six feet long, forty wide, and sixty high; the roof is very elaborately carved, and richly decorated with the arms and badges of Henry VIII., and strikes every eye with its magnificence, the grandeur of its proportions, and the propriety of its ornaments. It was used as a theatre during the reign of Elizabeth and James I., and there is a tradition that some of the plays of the immortal Shakespeare were first acted in this hall.

In 1829 the parish of Hampton obtained permission of George IV. to fit it up for Divine service, during the rebuilding of Hampton Church, and it was

used as the Parish Church for about two years. The walls are hung with a fine specimen of tapestry in eight compartments, the arabesque borders of which are most beautiful.

London is a very large city. It would take a long time to enumerate the many wonderful things to be seen there. The people have many strange customs; one is the locking up of the Tower. A few minutes before the clock strikes eleven the porter, with an attendant, appears before the main guard house, carrying a lantern, and calls out, "Escort keys!" The guard, supplied always from the Queen's household troops, then turns out and escorts keys to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post,—"Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are locked and barred the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. When they come in front of the main guard house the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot, and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "*Queen Victoria's* keys." "*Pass Queen Victoria's* keys, all's well." The porter then calls out, "God bless *Queen Victoria*," to which the main guard responds, "Amen." The guard then presents arms, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, and the keys are deposited in the lieutenant's lodgings. It sometimes happens that strangers visiting the Tower do not get out before the time comes to lock up, and, in that event, they have to spend the night on benches in the guard room.

The wine vaults of London are simply great cellars under the dock-houses. In area they aggregate some thirty-five acres. They extend under the Thames on one side, and well under Tower Hill on the other: they reach out in strange passages and alleys in all directions; they contain wine that came from the south of Spain, put there by its owner, who fell dead in the vaults over fifty years ago.

After leaving London, we took the train for Dover. On our way we had a fine view of the chalk hills of England, which were a grand sight. In the passage through the English Channel, on our way to Calais, in France, many miles from land, stands a lone rock, rising some fifty feet above the level of the sea; its form is conic, having the appearance of a sugar loaf or light-house in the distance. Ships sometimes, when under good headway, venture to draw close up to this singular rock in the ocean. The sea rushes up its glassy sides, as it probably has been doing ever since the deluge, which has given it the appearance of a glassy polish, seen from every point. This rock has always been a terror to the mariner when in its vicinity during a storm. What a tragic story could it tell, if it were intelligible, of the thousands of terrific storms, and thousands upon thousands of raging seas rushing on and around its sides; and how hundreds of heavily laden ships, with one bound, in a driving storm, were dashed to pieces, and the poor heart-stricken mariners, unwarned and unprepared, engulfed at its base, their sad and tragic story,

never to be known until the resurrection of the dead; and yet it stands as unmoved and undisturbed as when it was first fashioned by its Creator.

CHAPTER IV.

In crossing the channel a great many became sea-sick. When we arrived at Calais every one was speaking French. It looked strange to leave England, where every one was speaking English, and in a few hours be in France, and hear nothing but French. Calais is surrounded by a moat and wall, and defended by a very large citadel. The streets are wide and regular: the surrounding country is flat: the soil light and dry, and the cool sea breezes are constantly blowing through the town; the inhabitants are engaged in herring and cod fishing, and distilling spirits: there are a great many English residents engaged in lace manufacturing. We found a nice restaurant at the station, which enabled us to obtain refreshments.

After leaving Calais, we went to Paris, the gay French Capital. We drove to Grand Hotel Du Louvre, where we met strangers from all parts of the world. It is a magnificent hotel; the yard was covered with glass, the waiters spoke all languages, we had a lovely room, magnificently furnished. There was a large fire across the street the night of our arrival, which burned several blocks.

Paris is situated on the river Seine. The streets are very grand and lively, and thronged with gayly

dressed people. Among the objects of interest, are to be mentioned, the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, erected in the twelfth century. It has two majestic towers. The collossal bell in the North tower is only rung on State occasions, and requires the labor of eight men. There are beautiful paintings and rare carvings in the choir, which are supported by massive pillars; the floor is of marble: the altar is magnificently carved. In a niche is a beautiful marble group, representing the Descent from the Cross. The Pantheon is classed among the most beautiful buildings in Paris; the most celebrated men are placed in its tombs; the remains of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau* are interred here. The Jewish Church is also very grand; it is supported on thirty Doric pillars. The Palace of the Tuilleries, formerly the residence of the Kings of France, has beautiful gardens, adorned with statues, vases and fountains. The Louvre is the most beautiful of the Parisian Palaces; its splendid picture galleries reach to the Tuilleries. We went all through the Palace; saw the pictures of Josephine and Maria Louise, the two wives of Napoleon Bonaparte. Maria Louise was in all respects the opposite of the brilliant, fascinating Josephine, of whom she was mortally jealous. Napoleon could not exasperate her more than by telling her he was going to pay a visit to his repudiated wife.

The bright days of the career of Maria Louise lasted for two years *only*. She had been the greatest lady in the world, and the wife of the world's greatest

man, but the sun of her prosperity declined, and she, who had the world at her feet, sank without a struggle, but fortunately her illustrious husband died in ignorance of her infamy and weakness, and gave her in his memory a shrine side by side with that dedicated to the image of Josephine.

The Palace of the Luxemburg is very grand; has a lovely garden. It was built by Mary de Medici, daughter of Francis II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and wife of Henry IV., King of France; was born at Florence in 1573. On the death of her husband, in 1610, she was named regent of the kingdom. She was a woman of great political intrigue and unbounded ambition: she died in poverty in Cologne, in 1642.

The Palais Royal contains innumerable courts, galleries and arcades, and a garden planned by Cardinal *Richelieu*. The shops consist mostly of libraries, jewelers, booksellers, confectioners, coffee-houses. There is music every evening in the garden.

The Palace of Justice and Arts are beautiful buildings. We saw the pillar built by Catharine de Medici, on which she was accustomed to make her astronomical observations. Paris also contains many public libraries and museums:—the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected on the spot where the Duke of Orleans died, in 1842, and the Chapel Expiatese, where the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were interred, after being guillotined. There is a lady in Hungary who has the distaff used by

Marie Antoinette, in spinning, during her imprisonment; it is of wood and ivory, inlaid with silver, and still bears the hemp left upon it by its ill-fated Queen on the eve of her execution.

At the hotel we made the acquaintance of a Holland gentleman and his wife. She was a native of the Island of Java, and could speak English, French, German and Italian. She was very dark-complected. We travelled together to Versailles to see the fountains play, and when we returned a party of gentlemen from New York were standing on the steps of the hotel, and one of them asked me "why I rode out with that colored woman."

We visited the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, which contains the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, two lovers, who died in 1142 and 1164, *respectively*, and the tomb of Baron Larrey, Surgeon of Napoleon I., and many distinguished men. The Mausoleum of Demidoff and the tomb of Racheal, the great actress, and many French generals and great men are buried here. Nearly every grave had a wreath of immortelles on it. We visited the Hotel Des Invalides, which contains the tomb of Napoleon I. The colors taken in the different battles are hung around in the recess called the Chapelle Ardente, and the sword the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, the insignia he used to wear on state occasions, and the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg. Close to this tomb in a separate recess is the tomb of Prince Jerome.

In a vault beneath the pavement of the dome are the bodies of several of Napoleon's marshals.

The idea of fortifying the city of Paris originated with Napoleon, but it was not carried out until 1841, when 140,000,000 francs were granted for the purpose.

The banks of the Seine are skirted with spacious quays, forming two lines of road, the most ancient dating from 1312. Napoleon I. extended and improved them considerably. Before Louis XVI., Paris was lighted during only nine months of the year, and then only in the absence of moonlight. That Monarch decreed its continuance during the whole year. Before gas was introduced the city was lighted by lamps suspended from ropes hung across the streets.

CHAPTER V.

When Napoleon the Great died at *St. Helena*, an English physician took charge of his heart, depositing it in a silver basin filled with water; two tapers burned near, but the custodian felt nervously anxious while watching it during the night, and did not sleep. In the *silence* of the night he heard a *rustling sound*, then a plunge in the water, and a rebound on the floor. All occurring with the quickness of thought, he sprang from his *bed* to see an enormous rat dragging the precious relic to his hole.

A moment more, and the heart which had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been more degraded than the dust of Imperial Cæsar.

St. Helena is a precipitous and lone island in the Atlantic ocean, belonging to Great Britain. It occupies an area of forty-seven square miles, and is almost entirely surrounded by rugged, perpendicular rocks, rising from six hundred to over one thousand feet, here and there broken through by chasms extending to the sea-shore. St. James Valley, terminating in Jamestown, is the only port on the island, and the residence of all the authorities. The latter is so strongly defended, both by nature and art, that it is almost impregnable to invasion. The interior

is fertile, and abounds in orchards and plantations; the climate is so healthy that invalids from India make it a resort.

The imperishable celebrity of St. Helena, is due to its having been the place of confinement in which Napoleon I. suffered the agony of exile under English guard, from 1815 to 1821, and where his remains laid interred until 1840, when, by permission of the English government, they were removed to FRANCE. While we were in Paris, we saw some of Napoleon's old soldiers, *some* with one leg, others with one arm, all happy with the reflection that they had fought under the great *Napoleon*.

We also saw the Zouaves who fought at *Sevastopol*. We saw, among many *cannon* captured by Napoleon, two Russian howitzers from Sevastopol, and eight Prussian guns, cast in *Berlin* in 1708, by order of Frederick I., which were taken at *Austerlitz*.

There was also a *grand* picture of Napoleon I., ascending Mont St. Bernard, and the cannon ball by which Marshal Turenne was killed, and many other relics that bore close relation to the immortal "man of destiny."

The Church of the Madeline is very fine. The first stone was laid in 1764, and it was finished by Louis Phillippe. It is surrounded by 52 Corinthian pillars, ornamented by a splendid facade. This building was intended by Napoleon to represent the Temple of Fame. The interior is magnificently ornamented with rich gilding, paintings and statuary, and

lighted by its three domes, which are most beautifully painted.

The Church of St. Germaine is the oldest in Paris, containing the monument to Count Casimer of Poland. The Church of St. Sulplice has a beautiful portico, baptismal fonts of colossal shells, and a beautiful pulpit.

We spent a delightful time in Paris, every day seeing something new. We employed an interpreter by the day; he could speak several languages, and we found him very useful. The markets of Paris are very fine. We had English rabbits, snail soup, and birds-nest pudding, served at the hotel. At that time tomatoes were not eaten in France; they were called "love apples," and were used as ornaments. I shall never forget the look of horror on the waiter's countenance when we brought some tomatoes to the hotel, and told him to slice them up and dress them with vinegar. He could not believe we would eat them.

When Sunday came, bands of music would be seen going out to the various gardens, while people gayly dressed thronged the streets. Soldiers of every nationality, magnificently uniformed, promenaded the streets. It seemed to be a general holiday. Opposite the hotel the builders were at work on a house. I watched them until mid-day, then their labors ceased for the day. We went to the Bois de Boulogne, a fashionable resort, where the most splendid equipages and finest horses of the capital are dis-

played. There art and taste have conspired to charm the eye with the most picturesque scenery; there are two charming cascades, which send their waters bounding from rock to rock, or gushing from crevices skillfully arranged into the lake beneath; winding paths, emerging from the cool fir groves here and there, intersect the rich turf which clothes the banks down to the water's edge; the rich equipages enlivening the carriage road that winds around the lake; the crowds of persons, of all ranks, enjoying the cool shade on the iron benches provided for their convenience, or sauntering along the gravel walks; children frolicking about in the height of merriment and glee; and the boats plying to and fro with their white canvas awnings shining in the sun form a maze of bustle and animation most pleasing to the eye. It is the evening, especially a little after sunset, when the gay barques, with their colored lanterns, gliding along and crossing each other in every direction; the scene is lovely. The Bois de Boulogne has been long known as a place for duelling and suicides.

The Champs Elysees, another fashionable promenade, extends along the banks of the *Seine*. In 1814 a Cossack Bivouac was established in the Champ Elysees, and in 1815 the English encamped there. The most animated part of the Champ Elysees is the Avenue, which is the favorite walk of the gay Parisians. On Sundays and holidays, in particular, the shopkeeper and workman may be seen here jostling

the lion of the boulevards, while aristocratic velvets and cashmere shawls meet in close contact with humble merinos and coarse tarltans. Under the groves are toy and ginger-bread stalls, and other attractions for the rising generation. Jugglers and tumblers attract a crowd of spectators, while Punch squeaks his secular jokes to his delighted juvenile audience. Handsome coffee-houses, scattered among the trees, on either side, attract the loiterer by their cheerful lights, varied refreshments, vocal and instrumental music. There are several elegant fountains, some surrounded by flower-beds. The effect of the double line of lamps along the carriage road, after dark, is peculiarly splendid. The Place de la Concord is famous as the place where Louis XVI., Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, Consort of Louis XVI., Louis Phillippe, Duke of Orleans, suffered death. From 1793 to 1795 more than 2,800 persons were executed here.

We visited a garden called Jardin Mabille. It is a large circular space with a pavilion for the orchestra. The centre is reserved for the dancers, and is lighted by a profusion of gas lights suspended from artificial palm trees, while small shady bowers placed around afford the dancers the means of repose, after the fatigues of the polka or waltz, apart from the intrusive eye of idle curiosity. A snug corner is laid out with tables for refreshments; here the sober Parisian may enjoy his bottle of beer and cigar, or the votary of Terpsichore treat his partner to a refresh-

ing lemonade, and recruit for subsequent exercise in the mazy waltz. Those who visit this elegant garden, we should state, generally, come under the description of the "gayest of the gay," and the license of the dance is frequently carried beyond the limits of propriety. All strangers visit these gardens. It was there I first saw the Can Can danced, and I thought it disgusting.

We went to Versailles and passed through Sevres, where we saw them make china-ware. It would take a volume to explain the beauties of the Palace; its pleasure grounds, galleries and saloons, containing the historical museum and collection of paintings, representing the history and wars of France. The floors are studded with statuary. We visited the throne room, where Louis XIV. received ambassadors, accepted the apology of the Doge of Genoa, and, in 1715, held his last public audience. It was used for similar purposes by Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Splendid fêtes were held here, of which those of the marriage of the Duke de Bourgogne, in 1697, on the arrival of Marie Antoinette, and on the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit, August 25, 1855, were the most brilliant. The private apartments were thrown open to the guests, and the stairs, vestibules and sitting-rooms decked with the rarest flowers. Queen Victoria opened the ball with the Emperor in a quadrille, and waltzed with him in the course of the evening. We saw the balcony where Louis XVI., attended by the Queen, Marie

Antoinette, and his children, addressed the infuriated mob, who came to tear him from his throne, on the 6th of October, 1789, and the altar, where the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette took place, in 1769.

Versailles is a beautiful city, the streets are wide and clean, and in the summer nothing can be more delightful than its numerous walks and drives; the country around is extremely picturesque.

We saw the carriage used by Napoleon I., when elected first consul, and another used for the baptism of the King of Rome, son of Napoleon I., and Marie Louise: also the Sedan chair of Marie Antoinette, also the bed of the Empress Josephine. The fountains are magnificent, hundreds of people leave Paris to watch them play; notice is always given in the papers. The Hall or Tennis Court, the scene of the first decided act of the French Revolution is also very interesting. The cabinet of natural History, the Opera Saloon, the Chapel, the Park with its splendid statues, fountains and cascades planned by Louis XIV., and many other interesting places. We saw the statue to Marshal Ney, who was the son of a cooper, and who entered the French Army as a private in 1787, rose to be a general in nine years by his abilities and dashing bravery, and became a marshal in 1804. He served in Spain and Russia. It was by his superhuman efforts and valor in the disastrous retreat of the latter campaign that he won from Napoleon the title of "Bravest of

the brave." Although he submitted to Louis XVIII., Ney subsequently espoused the cause of the returning Napoleon, and after the disaster at Waterloo he was shot for treason; he is buried in Pere le Chaise Cemetery, and a square of flowers marks his resting place.

In the Louvre, in Paris, we saw the Venus of Milo, which has a history. It came into the possession of France in 1820. A Greek peasant, of the Island of Milo, in digging the ground, found it buried and broken in three fragments, in a recess seven or eight feet below the surface. The peasant informed the French Consul of his treasure, and offered to sell it for a small sum. The consul knew little about the fine arts, referred to the commander of the French government transport, Emulation, then at the island. He proposed to purchase the statue immediately and remove it to his vessel; but this proceeding was too hasty for the consul, so he wrote a long letter to the Ambassador for Louis XVIII., at the Porte. This letter was lost on the way; but fortunately for France, M. De Noville arrived at that moment in Milo; he saw the statue, recognized at *once* the value of it, sent a special courier to the Ambassador, who dispatched Count De Marcellus to Milo with instructions to effect the purchase; but all this had taken time, and when the Count arrived at Milo, the Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig, and was about to leave for Constantinople. He immediately applied to the

proper authorities, who ordered the statue to be landed and sold at auction. This is what the Count *desired*, and having become the possessor of the treasure, sailed for France, and did not stop until he reached Paris. He had bought it in the name of the Ambassador, who transferred it to Louis XVIII., and the King presented the statue to the nation. Such is the history of the Venus of Milo. We also saw the window from which Louis XVI. harangued the populace with the cap of liberty on his head, and general Lafayette presented Louis Phillippe to the people in 1830; also the room where Robespierrre held his council and where he attempted to destroy himself on the 27th of July, 1794. We saw the spot where Robespierre was executed. The hotel where Voltaire died is shown to strangers; the house where *Marat* was assassinated by Charlotte Corday; the spot where Marshal Ney was shot, and the tomb of Lafayette. The Zoological Garden is very fine; the Mineralogical and Geological Museum has a splendid collection of minerals and geological specimens.

CHAPTER VI.

I took a deep interest in all that was told me of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Tradition says that Louis was told by an astrologer that he would not die a natural death: that he was not born like his predecessors. Not a member of the Royal family was at his birth; his mother was *accidentally* alone in the Palace of Versailles, and the heir of France, upon his entrance into life, was received by a stranger. The courier who was sent to announce his birth fell from his horse and was killed on the spot. The Priest who was called in to christen the infant was struck by apoplexy while entering the Chapel door, and his arm and tongue were paralyzed. From hundreds of healthy *women*, the physician of his mother chose three nurses for the Prince. At the end of a week two of them were dead, and the third one, Madame Guillotine, after nursing him for six weeks, was carried off by small-pox. When he was crowned at Rheims, when the hand of the Archbishop was withdrawn from the *Crown*, the King thought of the prediction, and moaned and turned deadly pale, and murmured, "Oh! how it pains me." It seems like fate threatened this unhappy Monarch from his birth. When he was married to

Marie Antoinette there was a terrible storm, and many lost their lives.

An accident happened on his entrance into Paris, where several hundred people were killed; and when Marie Antoinette landed on French ground, a tent had been erected, according to custom, where she was to lay aside her clothing, to be attired in garments of French manufacture. The walls of the tent were hung with costly Gobelin tapestry, all of which represented scenes of bloodshed. On one side was the massacre of the Innocents, on the other the scene of an execution.

Marie Antoinette was horrified at the omen. That night two of the ladies in waiting, who had assisted the Queen in her toilet, died suddenly; an ominous commencement of nuptial bonds, "*to be* cruelly severed by the guillotine."

We saw the Bastile and the Temple, which contained a large square Tower, flanked with four turrets, built in 1222. In that Tower Louis XVI. and his family were imprisoned in 1792, and from there he was led to the scaffold.

We saw the Arc de Triomphe, which was erected by Napoleon in 1806, and wholly finished in 1836. On the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, and her triumphal entry into the capital, there was an immense model, in wood and canvas, of this arch, temporarily erected and brilliantly illuminated.

The grave of Voltaire is shown to the Parisian visitor. Of course, every one knows who Voltaire

is—the favorite friend and poet of Frederick the Great. History says Voltaire composed a poem, a *master-piece*, which, according to custom, he always read before the King; so the hour was set for him to recite the *poem*, in the meantime the King having heard of a man with such a wonderful memory, that, after hearing anything *read once*, could repeat it word for word. So the King sent for this man and concealed him so he could overhear Voltaire recite his poem. When Voltaire finished the King said, "I have heard that before." Voltaire flew in a violent rage, and said, "*Impossible, Your Majesty*, for I have just composed it." The King told him he could prove what he said, and sent for this man, who recited the poem, word for word. Voltaire raised his hand to heaven, and said, "Great God! Have you no lightning to strike this man dead, who has robbed me of my poems?" It is said that Frederick the Great and Voltaire were always quarrelling, but their quarrels always lowered them in public estimation. They admired each other, they stood in need of each other. The great King wished to be handed down to posterity by the great writer. The great *writer* felt himself exalted by the homage of the great King. Yet, the wounds which they had inflicted on each other were too deep to be effaced or even perfectly healed. Not only did the scars remain; the sore places often festered and bled afresh. He wrote letters to Frederick: "Remember how you have *behaved* to me. For your sake I have lost the favor of

my king. For your sake I am an exile from my country. I loved you, I trusted myself to you, I had no wish but to end my life in your service; and what was my reward? Stripped of all you had conferred on me, I was forced to fly from your teritories. I was hunted as if I had been a deserter from your grenadiers. I was *arrested, insulted, plundered.* You have great talents. You have good qualities, but you *have one odious* vice—you delight in the abasement of your fellow creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of Philosopher. You have given some color to the slanders of the bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith." Then the King answers with less heat, but with equal severity: "You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It is well for *you* that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum for your spite. Let us have no more of this; I can bear with your faults for the sake of your merits." After every outbreak of ill humor this extraordinary pair became more loving than before, and exchanged compliments and assurances of mutual regard with a wonderful air of sincerity.

We saw the room in the Palace at Berlin that Frederick the Great had prepared for Voltaire; it

was perfectly *grand*. He was fond of birds, and every kind that could be mentioned was in this room; some stuffed, some *carved* and painted. The ceilings and walls were beautifully carved, with fruits, flowers and birds; nothing more magnificent could be imagined. In the year 1750, Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again till after the lapse of nearly thirty years, when he returned, bowed down by extreme old age, to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends in Paris, that the kindness and attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description; that the King was the most amiable of men; that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers. He was created Chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order, and a patent insuring to him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a year for life.

While in Berlin, I was very much interested in Voltaire, and the friendship existing between him and Frederick the Great. His room in the Palace is magnificent: in it is a portrait of him, painted by Frederick the Great. We were told that Frederick was so despotic that he believed he could rule alone. Every thing emanated from the King, and every thing reverted to him again. He never accorded any share in the administration to an assembly of States, nor even to the State Council, which, composed of

the most enlightened men, would have been able to present to their Sovereign, in a clear and comprehensive light, the bearings of the intricate questions connected with government.

In walking through the Palace of Sans-Souci, and the magnificent garden, and standing by the old historical wind-mill, I thought of the lean little old man, of *alert though slightly* stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Frederick the Second, or Frederick the Great of *Prussia*, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance.

The most magnificent monument I saw in *Berlin*, is to Frederick the Great; and pictures of Voltaire are every where in the Castle. We saw fine old tapestry—State sledges, cabinets, caskets, portrait figures in wax, with the costumes of the originals, hats, boots, swords worn by Frederick the *Great's* "*father* at the battle of *Fehrbellin*."

In an open piece of ground near the village of Tempelhoff, we saw the annual *manouvres* and reviews of the Berlin garrison, which have taken place there since the days of Frederick the Great.

From Paris by rail to *Strasburg* (a strongly fortified town on the French frontier). The spire of Strasburg Cathedral is 112 feet higher than St. Paul's in London. It is considered a master piece of ar-

chitecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such precision as to give it at a distance a strong resemblance to lace. There is a remarkable clock connected with this Cathedral; it is a complete astronomical almanac, from which you can read the evolutions of the heavenly bodies. It is favorably situated for commerce, the Rhine connecting it with Switzerland, Holland and Belgium. After leaving Strasburg we took the train across the Rhine to a place called *Kehl*, a *small town* erected by the French in 1688, which has often been *besieged*.

During the siege Strasburg in 1870, the town sustained serious damage. From Kehl to Frankfort, on the river *Maine*, where we visited many lovely gardens and went to many good concerts, visited the A t Institute, founded by a citizen of Frankfort, who bequeathed his pictures and *engravings* his *houses*, and 1,200,000 florins to the town, in order to found a school of art. The monument to Gœthe, on the sides of which are figures from Gœthes' poems, also a statue of Schiller in bronze. The Zoological Gardens contain many fine animals and birds. I saw several tall birds stalking around with one good leg and one wooden one; they looked quite comical. We had a nice time riding and walking, and met with several adventures. Some Grand Duke was expected, and his attendants, dressed in blue velvet coats and knee pants, were waiting at the depot to receive him. We were in Frankfort twice, once in

1862, and again in '85. We expect to visit it again in 1889. We had a grand dinner at the restaurant in the depot. The wedding ring of Martin Luther is shown in a watchmaker's window in Frankfort, it bears a representation of Christ upon the cross; in the centre of the hoop is a small ruby, inside the ring is the inscription, Dr. Martin Luther, Catherine Bora, June 13, 1525. This interesting relic has been preserved in a Frankfort family for the last hundred and fifty years. We saw over a gate the figure *nine*, and were informed a man was condemned to death for poaching, and was told if he could fire nine times and make the figure 9 in the sheet-iron over the gate his life should be spared; being a good marksman he consented, and the 9 is over the gate to this day.

We left Frankfort for Eisanach, situated at the finest point in the Thuringian Forest. The grand *Ducal Palace* commands a pleasing view of the Watburg, which is 1,290 feet above sea level, founded by Louis the Springer in 1070, was occupied by the Landgraves of Thuringia down to the extinction of the family in 1247. We saw the room where Martin Luther, at the beginning of the 16th century, founded an asylum. Interesting *reminiscences* of the Reformer, who was intercepted on his return from Worms and conducted hither by his friend, the Elector Frederick the *Wise*, are still preserved in the castle. A room is shown containing Luther's

table, drinking vessel, letters, portraits and other memorials, where the great Reformer zealously worked at his translation of the Bible from the 4th of May, 1521, to 6th of March, 1522. There is a spot of ink on the wall where he threw the ink-stand at the devil. There is also a room containing weapons and armour of the 12th and 17th centuries.

Among the legends of the Wartburg is one that Duke Herman, of Thuringia, was one day holding a poetical contest in his castle of Watburg, in which six poets were contending for the prize. A discussion arose between them, which ended in an agreement that the one whose verses were the poorest should be hanged by the Duke's executioner. A learned astrologer and magician in the service of the King of Hungary, was agreed upon as the judge to decide this point. One of the poets was sent in search of him, and found him in Transylvania. The magician transported himself and the poet to *Wartburg* in a single night by a charm; and when he had decided which of the six poems was the worst and its author had been hanged, he was asked by the Duke and other noblemen present if he had any news to communicate. "Last night," he *replied*, "I saw a beautiful star arise in Hungary, its ray stretched from there to Marbourg, and from Marbourg that ray lit up the world; it means that a daughter is born to my master, the King of Hungary, who will become the wife of the son of your sovereign; she

will be named Elizabeth; she will be a saint, and her holiness will be the joy and consolation of all Christendom."

The astrologer spoke the truth—a daughter was born, and was christened Elizabeth, which means, in *Hebrew*, "Full of the Grace of God." In due time the astrologer's prediction was still further fulfilled by her marriage to the young Duke of Thuringia. Her charity was so great that her husband was compelled to check it. One day, meeting her coming out of the kitchen holding up her apron, filled with food for the poor, he asked angrily what she was carrying. In her fright she answered they were roses, but she blushed so deeply as she told this pious falsehood that the Duke did not believe her. He pulled away her apron, and to her surprise the Duchess found that God had saved her from the sin of lying by changing the food into *roses*. The Duke of Thuringia went on a crusade to the Holy Land, and he died soon after his return, when a Regent was appointed to rule the country during the minority of his *heir*. This Regent was an avaricious and ambitious man; deprived Elizabeth of her worldly possessions; took away her children, and finally expelled her from the Ducal Palace. "Thus reduced, she begged her way from door to door," *and* after many trials and privations saved up enough of what she received from charitable Christians to found a hospital at Marbourg, of which she became the head, where she died at the age of twenty-four. Her grave

became the scene of so many miracles that Pope Gregory IX. canonized her.

Even when they became Protestants, the peasants in the neighborhood of Marbourg did not lose their faith in *St. Elizabeth*, and the sick, lame and blind continued to make pilgrimages to her tomb, in hopes of finding a relief from their ailments.

The Wartburg is famous, as the scene of the Fest of the 18th of October, 1817, an enthusiastic festival, celebrated by students from every part of Germany.

From Eisenach we went to Liebenstein, a beautifully situated and pleasant watering place, possessing chalybeate and other springs. We took rooms at *Miller's Hotel*, and all our friends from Mühlhausen came to see us, and we made an excursion to different places of interest around Eisanach and Liebenstein. There was a grand ball one Sunday night at the hotel while we were there: there were present many grand ladies and gentlemen from Berlin, Vienna, Dresden and Leipsic, who were spending the summer there: one beautiful lady, daughter of a great count, spoke English, and asked me many questions about America, and was very much interested in the *black people;* she was beautifully dressed in pale pink silk, trimmed with white lace, and wore diamonds; another lady, a rich heiress from Berlin, wore lilac silk and pearls, she was a very graceful dancer. The ball room was ablaze with light; the band was concealed by flowers and plants; the pillars of the piazza were wreathed

in flowers: fair ladies and gallant gentlemen promenaded in the open air; and old ladies sat under the trees playing cards, with their knitting lying beside them; here and there a couple of lovers could be seen wandering through the illuminated grounds with a chaperon at a little distance. Sometimes we would see a servant girl and her lover whispering under the trees. Truly, it was a fairy scene: every few minutes the band would play a grand old air.

As we passed from the beauty, flowers and light into the beautiful starlit night, we met a gentleman from New York by the name of Brown, who said he was related to *Ossawatimie Brown*, who was hung at Harpers Ferry; he was very entertaining. The landlord of the Hotel was a splendid performer on the Zither, and we had some fine music. Every day, at dinner, a band of Tyrolese warblers would sing until dinner was over.

Each day we would go on some excursion to little villages around Liebenstein. On one occasion we saw a man on horseback driving a flock of geese, and at the word of command, they would file right and left, like soldiers. One goose had a lame leg, and the man got off his horse, picked the goose up in his arms, and carried it home on the horse.

We heard once some lovely strains of music, and could not see from whence it came; seemed like we were standing on enchanted ground. The music seemed near us, but we could not find out where it

was, until we learned it was an Æolian harp in the mountains. It was very sweet.

We went through a long cave hung with crystals. We sailed on a dark lake in the cave, in a boat, with torchlights. It was said the bottom had never been found.

People rode on donkeys up the mountains, and every person we met would say "Guten Tag." We drank the waters of the Springs every day, which proved to be an awful dose. We gathered the lovely wild flowers on the mountains, which are equal to the cultivated flowers in our native land. I gathered several bouquets, and pressed them, brought them home with me, and have them yet, though twenty-five years have passed since then.

We ascended a mountain, on top of which was a Chinese pagoda, hung around with china-bells, and when the wind blew the bells would almost play a tune. All visitors registered their names in this pagoda, from which there was a fine view of the surrounding country and of the dark forest-clad mountains of Thuringia.

We saw a ruined castle, which was deserted at the close of the 17th century, and has since fallen to decay. On the outskirts of the wood, near the ruin, is the monument to the Duchess, *Ida*, of Saxe Weimar. A little way from the monument is a small open space, enclosed by rocks on three sides, which is called the Felsen Theatre.

Liebenstein abounds in beautiful walks and drives. We passed many picturesque villas, charming retreats and rocky ravines. From Liebenstein we went to Magdeburg to visit friends. We had a grand time in the gardens and summer theatres. The children would peep at us and run away; they thought everybody was black in America, and wondered how we became white. I had lots of fun jumping at them, to see them run away. Every day at three o'clock they had coffee and cake, and they nearly killed me with kindness; I never ate as much cake in my life or drank as much coffee. They eat all the time; I never visited a house but what they were either cooking or eating or getting ready to cook.

We went to many fine concerts, and were invited to a military ball. We took drives in the country, saw women and girls in the fields at work, with a complexion a city belle might envy, with nothing on their heads but a handkerchief. Saw funny looking old men, in their little houses, mending shoes, and old ladies sitting at the windows knitting stockings. You can see them at the beer gardens, at the cafés, at places of amusement it was always *knit*, *knit*, at that time. Twenty-five years ago the German ladies held in high contempt any female unskilled in this particular branch of industry. I saw, the last time I was there, in 1885, that knitting stockings was confined mostly to old ladies, and the young girls were making lace and all kinds of fancy work. The German wife takes her children and her basket, with their

supper, out to a garden, where the husband joins them when his day's work is over. They then get coffee or beer, and eat their supper, have a dance or sit and listen to the music, while the children have a jolly time romping. The German takes his family whenever he goes to a place of amusement; they don't do like the average American husband—go himself, and leave his wife to worry with the children at home. After spending an evening in the garden they will all get together, and go home singing, and it sounds beautiful in the stillness of the night. What would be said in America if such things were done? I leave you to imagine. In the cities the gentlemen are so extremely polite that they lift their hats completely off their heads, and a person having a numerous acquaintance must be a good customer to his hatter. Every night, in the families, before retiring, all shake hands with each other and with the stranger staying with them, and in the morning everyone wishes you a happy day; it is also the same thing in the hotels and on board the German steamers.

There is very *little* if *any* tobacco-chewing in Germany, but they are great smokers, and one of our young friends told us *he smoked* on an average of from twenty to twenty-five cigars daily. The bar-rooms at the depots and gardens (though I may not be a judge), looked to *me* like drug stores, and ladies attend to them, and if any one calls for Cognac they take a small wine-glass and pour it over half full and bring it to the table.

CHAPTER VII.

In that portion of Germany we visited we never saw any cedar trees, except in nourishers, but the pine tree was very plentiful.

We went to several fine dairies, and saw a great many Holstein cows, black and white; met a gentleman who had lived in America thirty-five years, who told us a great deal about how much the Germans think of their cows, horses and other dumb creatures, and what nice houses they have for them to stay in; spent several hours in a dairy: saw them milk the cows and send the milk to all parts of the town; everything was as clean as a pin. I never saw as many pigeons in my life as were in the yards, and so many darling little puppies.

Every Saturday I noticed large cakes about the size of the top of a hogshead sent to the bakers, they call it coffee cake, or Kuchen. Some of the families have gardens a short distance from town, and after dinner they go out and eat their supper under the trees; and as twilight lasts so long, it is very pleasant. We also heard the *cuckoo*, and were in a garden called the *Rose Garden*, where nothing but roses of every variety grew. We here met a singing society, whose members were having a grand time. One of them found out I was an American

and could not speak German; seemed to be very sorry, and paid me several little attentions, consisting of bowing and smiling and handing me a chair, and even went so far as to present his card. Many laughable things occurred in this garden. Everywhere I could see printed in the windows of the restaurant, "Delicatessen," "Delicatessen." So I enquired what "Delicatessen" was, and was told it was such delicacies as Limburger and Switzer Cheese, Bologna Sausage and Sour Kraut.

The climate is not too warm, and the butchers keep their meat hanging in the windows, and it never spoils. I saw about a dozen flies the whole summer, no candle bugs, or any of the numerous bugs that swarm in this country in the summer. The people are very much afraid of draughts, and no one leaves home in the morning without a wrapping. It was really strange to see getlemen, in July and August, with heavy overcoats on their arm. White dresses were not *worn*, except to parties and weddings; and I met an American bride who had many lovely white and other summer dresses, who said she never wore them except in the hotels and to receptions. The people do not sit at the doors as much as we do, and we passed many streets and never saw anyone at the door or window.

We went to Hamburg on the Elbe, about 70 miles fr omits mouth. It consists of the old and new town, and covers a much larger space of ground than most other cities, in consequence of its numerous gardens.

The large sheet of water called the Alster Basin, and the Moat, occupy a considerable space. After the great fire in 1842, which destroyed 61 streets and 1,747 houses, was built the most magnificent part of this truly elegant city. The business portion is commercially grand. The grand promenade is on the wall before Danthor gate and Venor wall, the last of which new street is the Regent street of Hamburg; and the stores are as magnificent as any in London or Paris. The established religion is Lutheran, but all denominations are tolerated. A great many Jews reside in Hamburg, and of Sunday afternoons they sit on the piazza of their houses and drink coffee, and knit or sew. Some of the churches in Hamburg are very fine. The Church of St. Michael is beautiful; the tower is very high, and from the top is a magnificent view. The St. Nicholas Church is a beautiful specimen of pure Gothic in stone and white brick. The Opera House is capable of holding 4,000 persons. The Orphan Asylum is a very nice building. The Exchange is splendid, and in its height surpasses all others. To hear the incessant hum of so many voices, and to look over and down from the gallery above, one would imagine that it were a roaring sea. This building, completed just before the big fire, escaped, while the surrounding houses were reduced to ashes. On the first floor is a reading-room, well supplied with newspapers. St. Peter's Church was burned down in 1842, and has since been erected in the Gothic style of the 14th century. The chief ob-

ject of interest is the ring on the door of the tower of 1342, and the canopy over the pulpit of the 14th century; the granite column of the old Cathedral, taken down in 1806. The woods near the city are much frequented for pic-nics. The environs of Hamburg are very beautiful, particularly on the right bank of the Elbe, from Altona to Blankense. Near Altona is *Ottensen*, where is to be seen the tomb of *Klopstock*, and the monument erected to the memory of 1,138 Hamburgers who were starved to death by Davoust in the winter of 1813-14.

Near Hamburg is Booth's Flower Garden, one of the most beautiful in Germany. The promenades along the basin, which is over a mile long, are bounded on three sides by a quay, planted with trees and flanked with palatial hotels, and elegant private residences. It is very grand, especially on a fine summer evening, when the gas is lit and the pleasure boats are filled with gay people. In the markets we saw many peasant women in picturesque costumes. We went to several picture galleries; saw some grand paintings; one representing Tilly in the Grave-Digger's House the Night Before the Battle of Breitenfield, 16th September, 1631; Oliver Cromwell by the Body of Charles I.; Charles V.'s Triumphant Entry into Antwerp in 1521.

Nothing certain is known of the origin of Hamburg; but as early as 811, Charlemagne founded a castle here, to which he soon added a church, presided over by a bishop, whose mission was to propa-

gate Christianity in these northern regions. Hamburg played a prominent part in the contest with the Danish Kings in the 13th and 14th centuries. The city was also honorably distinguished in the good work of sweeping the sea of *pirates*. The discovery of America, and of the sea route to India, stimulated the trade of Hamburg, which, however, did not compete with that of England and Holland.

Hamburg remained unaffected by the thirty years' war, chiefly owing to the powerful fortifications constructed at the beginning of that struggle.

Hamburg cannot boast of architectural monuments or scientific or other collections, commensurate with its wealth and antiquity. The history of the city, together with the enterprising character of its inhabitants, and the great fire of 1842, sufficiently account for the almost entire disappearance of all relics of the past, and for its thoroughly modern aspect.

From Hamburg we took the steamer Borrussia down the *Elbe*, past Heligoland or *Holy Land*, which formerly belonged to Schleswig, was taken by the English in 1807, and still continues under their supremacy. During the blockade of 1812, it was a great resort for smugglers. On three sides of the island, which consists of hard red clay and marl, rises nearly perpendicularly from the sea to a height of 200 feet, forming a long and narrow triangle called the *Oberland*. On the south-east side only a low, flat bank of sand rises from the water called

Unterland. The island contains about 2,000 inhabitants of Frisian extraction, whose dialect, habits and costumes are in many respects peculiar.

The bathing season and the lobster fishery are their chief sources of gain. The German language is used in the schools and churches; there is a bath house situated on the Unterland, a basin used by bathers when prevented by stormy weather from crossing to the *Dune*. The Conversationshaus, the chemist shop, the theatre, and most of the restaurants are frequented by a large number of inhabitants, and are places of favorite resort by strangers. The principal streets run parallel to the cliffs from north-east to south-west. At the end of the latter is the Rothe Meer, a bathing place so called from the colour with which the red clay tinges the waves. There is a flight of steps, 190 in number, ascends the rocks to a *plateau* planted chiefly with potatoes and intersected by the *Kartoffel Allee*. The pastures support goats and a great many sheep. There are always boats for interesting excursions round the island: an illumination of the rocks and grottoes takes place several times during the season, on which occasions all the visitors hire boats in order to witness it to advantage: many of the rocks have received fanciful names. The luminous appearance of the sea at night is more frequently observed at Heligoland than elsewhere, especially in sultry weather with a south wind and clouded sky. When the water is struck by the hand, each particle resem-

bles a fire-fly or glow worm; this phenomenon, as is well known, is occasioned by innumerable mollusca, almost invisible to the naked eye, which emit a phosphorescent light when in motion.

Rain, collected in cisterns, is used for drinking water; good spring water is obtained by paying a small sum weekly.

German money *alone* is current in Heligoland. The trip from Hamburg to Heligoland is delightful. Soon after starting, the vessel commands a fine retrospect of the imposing city, with its forests of masts, and of *Altona;* numerous villas on the hills peep from the midst of parks and pleasure grounds, which extend for a considerable distance below Blankenese. *Inland* to the left is the town of *Stade*, connected with the Elbe by a canal. There is also a *Chateau*, a *castellated* building of the 14th century, which is visible from the Elbe, said to be one of the oldest structures in Germany.

The steamer now passes the Island of Neuwerk, with its light-house originally erected in 1290, as a castle for the protection against *pirates*. We saw going and coming, both trips, 1862-85, the Scylla Islands, which are very dangerous to the mariner. On our way we saw a ship outlined against the sky. Our *steamer* hailed her, but received no reply; she seemed to be scurrying over the waves like a thing of light; every once in a while a bell would toll across the water like the distant vesper-bell; all the passengers were on deck, not a soul could be seen on

the strange ship; all of a sudden she disappeared from view, and the sailors, with frightened faces, pronounced it the Phantom Ship.

We arrived at Southampton without anything parcular occurring. We gathered shells on the seashore; there were a great many beautiful ones. I often think of those halcyon days: how happy we were wandering over the old-looking city, and watching the white sails on the soft blue sea, and like children on a holiday, we found everything delicious, and we thought it grand to be lulled to sleep by the sobbing of the waves on the shore.

We stayed in Southampton several days, visiting Netly Abbey, and other places of interest. High street is very fine; has a great many handsome stores. We left Southampton on the Steamer Hammonia, bound for New York. We had a great many passengers; one man was killed by a box falling on him while loading the vessel; and on board was a gentleman with his face disfigured by powder, who said he was on the same steamer when the powder magazine exploded many years before.

On the steamer was a celebrated Italian artist, *Lugi Monte*, and wife, and a gentleman who had been to Carlsbad in search of health, and was returning home to die.

We had the U. S. Consul and family, who were returning home from Switzerland, who told me many interesting anecdotes of their life in ZURICH. And a very pretty Irish girl came over with us, who

seemed to be on some secret business. She came all the way to Baltimore with us, and I went with her to see several lawyers, and she always saw them in their private office, so I think she was hunting up the heirs to some great estate, or trying to free *Ireland*, as that was her whole *conversation*.

"When Erin's a nation once more,
How happy her children will be;
Ah! then on her beautiful shore
No heart-broken peasants we'll see."

Our Second Trip to Germany.

OUR SECOND TRIP TO GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

We left Baltimore on the 20th of May, 1885, on the steamer *Salier*, Capt. Wiegand, bound for Bremen. A gay party of friends was present to see us off, who spent several hours most pleasantly on the steamer, before she sailed. We left about three o'clock in the afternoon. There were nineteen cabin passengers, and a great many in the steerage. The cargo was a very valuable one. The passengers seemed very agreeable, and we spent the time pleasantly, enjoying the music, reading, writing and games of all kinds, Going on deck in the morning to see the sun rise, the passengers were washed off the deck by the sailors cleaning up. We had breakfast at eight, lunch at ten, dinner at one, coffee and cakes at three, and supper at seven; so you will perceive we were most of the time eating.

We had a prima donna and her husband on board, who were on their bridal tour, going to visit the groom's relations in Germany; from there to London to sing in opera of the P'rofessor's own composition. They gave several concerts on board, which were very much enjoyed. The bride was the life of

the steamer; full of fun. She and myself were the only Americans; neither of us understood German. All the others spoke English and German.

After being several days out we observed a French ship, with signals of distress hoisted. Our steamer was stopped and a boat got ready. The captain understood the signal as wanting a surgeon; so our young surgeon, who had just graduated, and blushed like a girl if you looked at him, made haste to get his surgical instruments, and started for the boat, but it was a mistake, and spoilt a *romance*, for the passengers had made up many little stories about what had happened on the French ship.

We had delightful weather; some days the sea was as smooth as glass. The passengers were nearly all Germans, going to spend the summer in the Fatherland. We landed on the 3d of June, at Bremerhaaven, the prosperous sea-port of Bremen, where we saw many vessels from all parts of the world. We left Bremerhaaven about five o'clock of the same day, and, after a pleasent ride through a beautiful country, arrived at Bremen, about supper time. A party of six of us stopped at Hotel Russie, opposite the depôt. We secured handsomely furnished rooms. Opposite our room was a lovely park. After supper we took a stroll through the city, visited a lovely garden and heard some fine music. The next day we took open carriages and drove to the Rothskeller, the cellar which contains *Rhine* and Moselle wines, *exclusively*.

The oldest casks are the Rose, dating from 1653, and the Twelve Apostles which is kept in another part of the cellar, and is shown to the curious. The Rose derives its name from a large rose painted on the ceiling, beneath which the magistrates are said, in ancient times, to have held their most important meetings. Bremen is one of the chief commercial cities of North Germany: it lies in a sandy plain on both banks of the *Weser*; the staple commodities are tobacco, petroleum, rice, grain, wool and cotton. The town is chiefly indebted for its importance to Bremerhaaven. Its seaport is entered yearly by upwards of three thousand sea-going vessels. It is one of the principal starting points of German emigrants to America, many thousands of whom quit their fatherland by this port every year. The promenades are the principal ornaments of the city. There is a monument to the natives of Bremen, who fell in 1870–71. The bronze statue of Gustavus Adolphus, which was cast in *Munich*, and destined for Gottenberg, but the vessel was wrecked, and the statue was rescued by boatmen of Heligoland, purchased by the merchants of Bremen and presented to their native city.

The new part of the city is very handsome; it is settled principally by retired sea captains and wealthy merchants. The Rathhaus, a Gothic building erected in 1405, is remakable for its richly decorated bow window and handsome gable. In front of the Rathhaus stands a large figure of stone, eighteen feet

high, erected in 1412; in his left hand, the giant bears a shield with the imperial eagle, and a naked sword in his right, with the head and hand of a criminal at his feet. The Cathedral contains a pulpit presented by Queen Christina, of *Sweden*. In the cellar, where the lead was melted for the roof, are many mummies, the oldest four hundred years old, in an undecayed condition. The vault still possesses the property of preventing *decomposition*, as dried poultry has been suspended in it for years. The new post-office is a very fine building. There is an art gallery containing pictures mostly modern, a few sculptures, and a good collection of drawings by old artists.

The Roman Catholic Church is an old edifice, with a nave sixty feet in height, borne by eight slender columns. It contains some fine stained glass. Near the Promenade is the statue of *Obers*, a distinguished physician and astronomer, who died in 1840. There is also an asylum for aged seamen and their widows founded in 1525. There are beautiful parks where concerts are given every evening, and the people are happy and contented; I wish I could say more about this beautiful city, but I must hasten on. We spent several evenings at the Tivoli Theatre and gardens, the Professor and his bride, a young lady from Cincinnatti, and a gentleman from Texas, and ourselves, took a private box; the play was Fatzinitza; the Prima Donna took the *star's* part in America, but she was anxious to see it performed in German;

she, as well as myself, enjoyed it very much, although we did not understand the language; I had read, and she had performed it in our native land. Between the acts the ladies, as well as gentlemen, go out in the garden, and a bell recalls them when they are ready for the next act· The gardens are lovely, flowers are blooming everywhere. The windows are filled with trailing vines, and peace and contentment prevail everywhere. The manager of the Tivoli Theatre wanted the Prima Donna to sing in his theatre, but as we parted from them in a few days, we never heard whether they came to a bargain, as she said she would not sing unless she received a hundred dollars a night, and had to be advertised a week; she sang for us in the theatre during the days, so we could hear her voice to advantage. All the people who were in the garden came in to hear her. On the sixth we parted from our steamer friends with regret, hoping to meet them at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CHAPTER II.

On the train for Hanover, we passed beautiful cottages embowered in vines, and saw women and men at work in the field; stopped at many stations for refreshments. Everything seemed to be flourishing. The picturesque farm houses and quaint looking peasants afforded a great deal of amusement to some on the train. Here and there was a shepherd keeping watch over his flock with his crooked stick and dog. Hanover, the headquarters of the tenth Army Corps, is situated in a well cultivated plain on both banks of the Leine. The irregularly old built town still contains a number of antiquated houses of the 15th and 17th centuries. We stopped at the Hotel Royal, which is in every respect grand. We were shown to a parlor and chamber on the first floor, which was lit by wax lights; the halls, dining rooms and offices were lit by gas; the floors were covered with Persian rugs, and the beds were in alcoves, concealed by heavy silk curtains. The beds were covered with silk spreads quilted in diamond. The dining-room was magnificent; the waiters stepped around in their broadcloth and felt slippers, looking like so many ministers; everything was in perfect order. The flower garden was filled with choice flowers, such as

I never saw in America. To tell all I saw in Hanover would require too much time, so I will mention only the most important. Opposite the hotel is the equestrian statue of King Ernest Augustus, which is very imposing. The Tivoli garden, lit by 40,000 lights, no pen can describe in its beauty and magnificence. Its beautiful grottoes and sylvan retreats; its fountains and statues; its restaurant where the hungry and thirsty can be supplied with everything they need.

We had a seat on a balcony, where there were many choice flowers. In full view of the crowd beneath, handsomely uniformed officers promenaded with ladies elegantly dressed, and the mirrors in the grottoes reflected the beautiful fountains and statues. It was a scene that would compare with those of fairy land. It was amusing to watch the private soldiers and officers saluting one another, and the students with their fancy caps and scarred faces; for the more scars a student has on his face the higher he holds his head. How often I wished some of our romantic Fredericksburg girls could see those students.

When we left at ten o'clock, they were just lighting the lamps, as twilight lasts a long time.

Just imagine, a garden with 40,000 lights!

The Theatre is considered one of the finest in Germany, with seats for sixteen hundred spectators. On the balcony are placed the statues of twelve poets and composers. The Museum of Arts and Sciences,

completed in 1856; in the niches are statues of Humboldt and other distinguished men.

The Palace, an edifice of considerable extent, was built in the 17th century, and altered in 1817. The interior has been fitted up anew, and is at present occupied by Prince Albert of Prussia. Opposite the Palace is the residence of King Ernest Augustus. At the back of the Palace flows the river *Leine*, beyond which extends the spacious drilling ground of the military. The Waterloo column, 154 feet in height, was erected by the grateful Fatherland to about eight hundred Hanoverians, who fell at the battle of Waterloo. Also, the monument to Count Alten, who died in 1840, the Hanoverian General at Waterloo, and Commander of the Foreign Legion in Spain. We visited the Riding Institute, for training, riding and fencing masters for the army.

On Sunday, we went with some friends to Herrenhausen, the favorite residence of George II. The garden is laid out in the French style. One large green-house is devoted to plants from Australia and Cape Colony. The statue of Electress Sophia stands on the spot where she expired in 1714. The waters of the great fountains rise to the unusual height of 222 feet; it was very grand. We took dinner in the garden; we had some very large strawberries for dessert, and a drink called Erdbeerbowl, which is strawberries, with wine poured over them and set on ice; all seemed to like it very much. Whilst in Hano-

ver, we went through a beautiful wood, called Eilenriede, the gift of a wealthy lady to the city; there were beautiful walks and drives, and a fine restaurant is in the most fashionable quarter of the town. We took a walk with our friends through another beautiful wood, and went to our hotel on the street cars, which start from this point to all quarters of the city. Herschel, the astronomer, was born in Hanover; he was formerly a musician in the regular army. I must not forget the lovely horses belonging to the Duke of Cumberland. We went all through the stables, in which we saw the carriages and harness used by the nobility for hundreds of years back. An old lady went around with us, and explained everything. The Zoological Gardens are very fine; some magnificent lions, tigers, and other animals. We spent many pleasant hours watching the gambols of the young lions, and listening to entrancing music from a brass band stationed near by. The Deer Park, which contains tame deer, is much visited; refreshments are to be had at the Forester's Cottage. The old Town Hall is perhaps the most remarkable building in the city. There is a church which contains relics brought from Italy many hundred years ago. The modern part of Hanover, near the railway station, is very beautiful, and the depot covered with glass is very grand. We took a through ticket from Hanover to Müehlhausen in Thuringia, but were delayed several hours in Gottingen, so we took a carriage and drove around the town, which is fa-

mous for its university of 1,000 students, founded in 1737, by George II. On the ramparts close to the Leine, is a one-story house bearing the name of Prince Bismarck, 1832-33. Near the station are the War Monument and Post Office. The town is encircled with ramparts, planted with lime trees, affording a pleasant walk. We had a lovely drive through a beautiful country. We then took the train for Müehlhausen, the birth-place of my husband, where we arrived about twilight. Again he is a child in his old village home, where he first saw the light of the day.

When we were nearing his home he pointed out to me so many places he visited when a boy, and when we arrived at the depot, he looked out to see if he could see one familiar face, but none were there. By the time we got to the hotel, I knew all about Müehlhausen. We stopped at the Englisher Hoff, kept by a widow lady, who had two pretty daughters, with golden hair, both of whom spoke English. After supper we called on our friends, and took them by surprise—"What a meeting, what rejoicing!"

CHAPTER III.

Müehlhausen is a quaint old town of 25,000 or more inhabitants, with a stream of water running through the streets, which the people use for scrubbing and other household uses. This stream of water runs from a spring called Popperoda, and runs thirteen or more mills and factories, mostly woolen; we visited many nice gardens, saw many quaint looking houses, and met many interesting people. We were invited to take coffee in a private garden belonging to a retired banker, which invitation we accepted, and drank coffee from cups three hundred years old.

We spent an afternoon at a fashionable resort called the White House; we met many beautiful ladies and gallant gentlemen, and walked through a wood which was once a Russian cemetery. On our way back we stopped at the Popperoda Spring, where the children were making bouquets and throwing them in the water. It is said to be an old time custom for the children to gather together all the flowers and cast them in the spring as an offering to the Lord for the use of the water. It was a beautiful sight, the children all dressed in white, standing around the spring, looked like so many fairies.

Müehlhausen was once surrounded by a moat, but of late years the moat is being filled, and beautiful pro-

menades made instead. The city derives its name from the mills, of which there are a great number, and there are also a great many glue factories. The country people come in town with funny little wagons filled with different colored yarns, which are sometimes pulled by dogs. The dog works in Germany, and seems to be delighted that he can help his master, who always has a piece of carpet or blanket to spread on the sidewalk for him to rest on, as it is against the law in Germany for a dog to lie on the cold pavement. Happy dog. In some portions of Germany the milch-cows draw light loads, and we often saw them in the fields standing knee-deep in the hay waiting for the wagon to be loaded.

While we were in Müehlhausen we went with a party of gay young friends to a little town called *Gottern;* we traveled in a carriage over a lovely road, lined on each side with fruit trees; we took dinner at the Eagle Hotel, and met with many friends, some of whom spoke English; we took a stroll to see the town, and came back well pleased. A company of militia, who had served their time, were marching past with a band of music; they had been to bury one of their number; they were dressed in black uniforms, with high hats. After supper we drove home, the girls all singing their merry songs. A few days after, we received an invitation to attend a flag presentation at the Theatre; we obtained a splendid seat in the gallery; the flag was presented to the Turner Society; the Theatre was beautifully dressed with flowers and

evergreens, and a band of music, invisible to the audience, discoursed sweet music. When the curtain rolled up, a tall lady, becomingly attired, in *Moire* satin, with a long train, the body and sleeves trimmed with costly white lace, came forward and made a speech, which was received with cheers. She then presented the flag, which was received with more cheers and speeches; the band played the Star Spangled Banner; then three cheers were given for *Kaiser William*, and the curtain fell. In a few minutes it went up again, and sixteen young ladies in *white*, with crimson sashes, and slippers to correspond, with crowns of flowers and garlands, danced the Italian flower dance, which was lovely; afterwards there was more music, speech-making and cheers: then they all repaired to the ball-room, which was like a dream of enchantment. Music floated out upon the summer air in sweet, wild strains: the echo of merry laughter mingled with the fall of the dancers' feet; the light fell from frosted chandeliers that seemed the work of some magician; garlands of beautiful flowers trailed from windows and pillars; birds caroled in gilded cages, swinging in bowers of roses and the blue "Forget-me-Nots." Music, mirth and beauty winged the happy hours to unconscious flight. Gayly dressed ladies, when not dancing, promenaded up and down the spacious rooms, or out in the beautiful starlit night. We spent a delightful evening, and were sorry when it was over. We spent three weeks in Müehlhausen, when we left for Berlin, by

Gotha, Erfurt and Wiemar, three beautiful cities. Gotha is the second residence of the Duke of Saxe Coburg. Gotha is one of the busiest mercantile places in Thuringia, containing several banks, the Ducal Palace and stables; Obelisk to the memory of the natives of the Duchy who fell in 1870-71; the park, with a pond; on an island is an old Ducal burying place, there is a fine museum and a Masonic Temple, and several old palaces.

Erfurt is an ancient old town on the Gera, with a garrison of 3,500 soldiers. There was situated here formerly a *Fortress*, but the works are now being removed. This quaint old-town possesses several handsome Gothic churches and private dwelling-houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

There is an old *Inn* where Gustavus Adolphus, Martin Luther and Maurice of Saxony are said to have been entertained. The Augustine Monastery, now an orphan asylum, contains the cell of Luther. Weimar, the capital of the Grand Duchy, of Saxe Weimar, is an irregularly built town with modern suburbs, pleasantly situated on the *Ilm*. There are many elegant monuments, the Goethe-Schiller, monument is of bronze, erected in 1857. There is an equestrian statue of Charles Augustus, which was unveiled in 1875. It represents the Grand Duke, in the uniform of his time, crowned with a wreath of laurels. We took refreshments at the station, and passing through a beautiful country and by lovely cottages embowered in vines and magni-

ficent villas on high hills, stopping every twenty minutes or half hour at different stations, we arrived in Berlin, the capital of Prussia, at twilight. Such a bustle and confusion; it reminded me of New York. We took a carriage and drove to Topfers Hotel, on Carl street.

CHAPTER IV.

Berlin is 110 feet above the sea level; is the residence of the Emperor of Germany; has 1,200,000 inhabitants, including the garrison of 25,000 soldiers. It is situated on a sandy plain, on the river Spree (consequently Berlin is always on *a spree*). The staple commodities of its trade are cattle, grain, spirits and wool. The principal branches of industry are engine building, chemicals, brewing, dyeing, woolen and silk goods and fancy articles; it is as gay if not *more* so than Paris. The people live in one continual round of pleasure. We were always sight seeing; and having friends residing in Berlin, one of whom spoke English, made it very pleasent for me, as he went everywhere with us and explained everything. We went to Charlottenberg and saw the tomb of Emperor William's father and mother, Frederick William III. and *Queen Louise*, who died in 1810; her husband died in 1840. The tomb is magnificent, the ceiling of stained glass throws a beautiful shade over the recumbent figures of the illustrious pair; at the sides are beautiful candelabra; the heart of Frederick William IV. is placed at the feet of his mother in a marble casket. The anniversary of the death of the Queen, 19th of July, and of the King, 7th of June, are observed by a private service

in the mausoleum for the members of the royal family. We went through the Royal Palace; met the Prince of Meinigen in the hall: had a polite bow from him, and was told who he was by a chimney sweep: he is the Crown Prince's son-in-law, and lives in the palace, portions of which are shown to strangers. The dining room is *superb* and very large. In the centre is a beautiful rug, embroidered by the ladies of Silesia. The grounds are beautifully laid out; several of the Prince's children were playing around the palace. We also visited Potsdam, which is situated on an island in the Harel. Frederick the Great resided at Potsdam, in whose reign the palace of San Souci, the new palace, and a number of private residences were built, and the grounds greatly extended. We saw the lime tree protected by a metal *covering*, where petitioners used to station themselves to attract the attention of Frederick the Great. In the garden are bronze busts of Blucher, Zork and twelve other celebrated men. Frederick's room, adorned with pictures, has been preserved in its original condition. His ink stand, writing table, music stand, travelling cup, are all shown to strangers. Adjoining the library, *which* is separated from the bed room by a massive silver balustrade *only*, is a cabinet with double doors, by which the dining table could be let down by means of a trap door, and where the king occasionally dined with his friends without risk of being overheard by his attendants.

The apartments of Frederick William III., and Queen Louise, also remain unaltered. Under the pulpit of the Garrison Church rest the remains of Frederick the Great and his father, Frederick William I., the founder of the church. The tower contains musical bells, which play every half hour. We saw the great fountain, the water of which rises to the height of 112 feet, and several others near it. A broad flight of steps lead up to the palace. I undertook to count them, but was so exhausted when I arrived at the top, I forgot how many there were. Frederick the Great's greyhounds and chargers are buried at the end of the highest terrace. This was once a favorite resort of the King. The palace of San Souci is a building of one story, built by Frederick the Great, and his almost constant residence. Frederick William IV. died here in 1861. The main interest of the palace consists of the numerous reminiscenses of the illustrious founder. We saw the clock which he was in the habit of winding. It had stopped at the precise moment of his death, 2:30 P. M., 17th August, 1786. The room he had fixed for Voltaire remains unaltered; it is beautifully carved in fruits and flowers. Through the orangery we went to the old windmill, which the owner refused to sell to Frederick the Great, which is now royal property. It is very large and entirely overgrown with ivy. I brought some to America with me. From the upper terrace is a magnificent view of the palaces and the surrounding country

and the river Havel. We visited the new palace founded by Frederick the Great. Some of the rooms are shown to strangers, the other portion is occupied by the Crown Prince as a summer residence. The Grottoe Saloon is inlaid with shells, minerals and precious stones, and lighted by innumerable chandeliers. The minerals and precious stones came from all parts of the world. The theatre has seats for six hundred persons; there is also a grand ball- and concert-room, and a handsome marble saloon 100 feet long. In going through these palaces visitors are requested to slip felt slippers over their shoes, and piles of them are at the door of every suite of apartments. Potsdam was hung in mourning for Prince Frederick Karl, who had died a short time before. We took dinner at the Wild Park restaurant, and after dinner were just going to take the boat on the Havel to go to Babelsburg, when an open carriage drove by containing the Crown Prince and suite; we stopped and our party bowed. The Crown Prince raised his cap, bowed and smiled. We then took the boat, but being late we did not go as far as Babelsburg, but saw it in the distance. On the banks of the river we went through several castles, and went up on the roof and sat upon a bench that the Empress of Russia and Queen Louise used to sit on to take the air. We saw bonnets and hats belonging to the Emperor and Empress of Russia. The room of Queen Louise remains as it was, even her sewing basket with the needle in the em-

broidery is just as she left it. It is said Emperor William adores the memory of his beautiful mother who died young. We also saw in the distance *Glienecke*, with a chateau of Prince Frederick Karl with a large park; also a Greek chapel, founded in 1826, by Frederick William III., for the accomodation of the Russian singers, who were at that time attached to the 1st Regiment of Guards; also a marble palace occupied by Prince William.

We returned to Berlin by rail after spending a delightful day. We were taking the street car for the hotel, when Prince William and his family passed in an open carriage. *Berlin* is a grand city; we rode in horse-cars made in New York, and the Berliners smoke Richmond, Va., cigarettes. We went to the Belle Alliance Theatre and gardens, which is very grand, with lakes of water, with lilies floating on the surface, the heart of every flower contained a light of some sort; fuchsias, dahlias, tulips, in fact, every flower that could be mentioned held a light; grape vines, with bunches of grapes embowering the grottoes, were filled with electric lights. I thought I had suddenly been transported to Fairyland; the open air theatre was very fine; there were three children from California, two girls and a boy, who sang, in English, "Jingling Bells," then a German song, then again, in English, "My Home Over the Sea;" there were many Americans, who encored them several times; the children were beautifully dressed; the music was grand. We visited many beautiful

gardens and theatres, but the grandest was the King's Opera House, which we visited with some friends. The ladies all go in full evening dress, without hats or bonnets; we saw many lovely American and English ladies, richly dressed; the play was the "Trumpeter of Sickengen," taken from incidents that took place at the Castle of Heidelberg after the thirty years' war. It was the grandest piece I ever saw; the music was very sweet; the stage costumes were very elegant; the Royal boxes were filled with Court ladies and gentemen, in full evening dress. Between the acts the ladies as well as gentlemen go out for refreshments. There is an elegant ice cream saloon under the Opera House. We went to another Theatre, where a play, called "The Wild Cat," had been running over a hundred nights to very large audiences. It was some kind of a Mexican play. The night we went it was raining, and the audience, between the acts, promenaded in a yard covered with glass. To tell of the many lovely gardens and parks we visited, would require too much time. We were always on the go, from one delightful place to another. We took several meals in Emperor William's tent. Here are a number of restaurants, built by Frederick the Great, and everybody stops on their way to and fro to the "Their Garden." We went through Emperor William's stables, saw 110 of his riding and other horses; saw the horse that was hitched to the chariot when the Emperor of Russia was blown up by the explosion of the shell. The

horse, a powerful black, was wounded on the back; he was *presented*, with several others, to the Emperor by the present Emperor of Russia. We went through the Emperor's Palace, even in his private rooms. They are magnificently furnished, but in the Emperor's room, where he writes and spends most of his time, we had to pick our way over and through the costly bric-a-brac and Dresden vases. In one room is a grand piano, presented by the citizens of Breslau on his silver wedding-day. In one corner is a statue of the Crown Prince, in solid silver. Beautiful pictures are everywhere. The Emperor's bed-room is very simply furnished. Over the bed hangs the picture of his mother, Queen Louise. We also went through the apartments of the Empress. In the Emperor's private room the blue corn flower was in vases everywhere. It is his favorite flower; it is said that Queen Louise, when she was fleeing with her children from Napoleon, took refuge in a peasant's cottage, and Emperor William being then a boy, would go out and gather the flowers and put them in his mother's hair. It is also said, if a person wishes to gain favor with the Emperor he must praise his beautiful mother, who died of a broken heart. A little boy from New York gave the Emperor a bouquet of corn flowers, with a card attached, with the words, "greetings from America;" he was very much affected, and sent for the mother of the child, and asked her a great many questions about her family, and about the American people in gen-

eral. She said she felt very much embarrassed at first, but he was so pleasant that she felt at ease in a few minutes and conversed with him in both German and English. When the Emperor is in Berlin a flag is hoisted over the Palace, then no visitors are admitted.

CHAPTER V.

The Crown Prince's Palace is very fine. Soldiers are always on guard at the different palaces. We saw the Palace of Prince Frederick Karl. Before it is an open space, where he had loads of sand placed so the children could play in it while he would sit at the window and watch them. As we passed we could see a great many children with their little shovels building houses in the sand. The Royal guard-house was constructed in 1818; it is in the form of a Roman fortified gate; adjoining it are three large cannon, one of which was captured at Fort Mont Valerian, at Paris, in 1871. We went every day to see the soldiers drill. The Arsenal contains many spoils of war, the keys of several captured fortresses. Most of the flags were brought from Paris in 1814. There is a glass-covered court, around which are ranged groups of French cannon, overhung by French flags, captured in the war of 1870-71.

While in Berlin we attended a wedding in a church of a couple in the lower ranks of life. The bride was dressed in purple cashmere, with a wreath of orange blossoms and a white veil. She came in bowing and smiling right and left to her friends. The couple took seats in chairs placed for them before the minister, who stood up dressed in a long white

gown; he took about a half-hour to recite the service. After the ceremony they went into a room with the minister to sign their names, and when they came out they left in fine style, they and their friends filling several carriages. The groom raised his hat, and the crowd on the pavement cheered. I waived my handkerchief, and was rewarded by a smile and bow from the happy couple.

We then visited the National Gallery, which contains many handsome paintings and drawings and sculptures. One of the pictures, which riveted our attention, was the Meeting of the Emperor and Crown Prince on the Battle Field of Königgratz, life size, mounted on beautiful horses. The Emperor is clasping the Crown Prince's hand, and on his face is a look which seems to say, "My son, how goes the day?" Behind him, and by his side, ride Bismarck and Von Molkte, and in the distance is seen the smoke of battle. Other handsome paintings which attracted attention, was the Crown Prince Entering Jerusalem, and Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow. The rooms on the right of the ante-room contain the choice picture gallery of Count Raczyriskie, which has been loaned the government for public exhibition. It contains many valuable paintings by old artists. The Hohenzollern Museum consists of personal reminiscenses of the Prussian ruler, from the time of the great Elector down to the present day. The two rooms first visited are devoted to Emperor William and Empress Augusta. In these

rooms we saw the table at which Napoleon III. signed the declaration of war at St. Cloud, in 1870. Queen Louise's room contains many paintings: one, the picture of the peasant family who befriended her in her trouble; it hangs in a conspicuous place; in this room is also the cradle of Emperor William. The room of Frederick William II. contains portraits of that monarch's generals, and Napoleon's knife and fork, and his orders, captured at *Waterloo;* also, orders worn by Blucher: also, a handsome cabinet, made of *Neuwied.* The three rooms assigned to Frederick the Great are the most interesting in the Palace: wax models of Frederick's face after death: his clothes, from childhood to death; and his horse *Conde*, in his state trappings. The room of Queen Sophia Dorothea, mother of Frederick the Great, contains interesting furniture. We passed through rooms containtaining the table service of the different Kings. It is impossible to enumerate the many wonderful things to be seen in this palace.

The new Museum was built after the plan of the architect Shinkel. Before the Museum stands a gigantic basin, cut out of a solid piece of granite 22 feet in diameter. It is said the basin was presented by the Emperor of Russia, and a Professor was overheard by the Emperor to say he doubted it being of one piece. The Emperor drew his pistol and shot him dead. "The basin stands on the spot where he fell." The Emperor of Russia got his just deserts when he was blown up by the explosion of the shell.

There was an old woman kept a fruit stand near one of the Palaces; we often bought fruit of her, until we heard that when she was quite young she held the light while her sister murdered their mother. She served a term of years in the penitentiary, while her sister was broke on the wheel. I saw in the Museum the wheel, also the spot where she was killed. After this woman who kept the fruit stand came out of prison, she had no money or friends, so she sold her body to the city of Berlin, to be embalmed and put in the Museum after her death. She then opened a fruit stand and seemed to be doing a good business, but I never went by her without a *shudder*. Since my return I have heard she died, and her body is in the Museum. The *Panoptican*, or Gallery of Wax Figures, is very fine. As we went up the steps, in a large hall, I was struck by seeing Prince Bismarck standing at the head of a long table, as if making a speech, while men were writing and some listening, and Count Herbert Bismarck stood at the foot of the table paying particular attention to what his father was saying. They looked so natural that I really could not believe them wax. As I did not know what the Panoptican meant, I thought I was in some kind of a Congress Hall, but I soon saw my mistake, and went from room to room admiring the figures, all as natural as life. There stands Garfield and Washington, side by side. In the murderer's hall, among instruments of torture of olden times, stands Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield. In one room was

a mountain of cake, where the persons who wished to enter the Gourmand country, must first eat through this mountain. Two men had eaten through, and were having a happy time drinking port wine, which flowed from a large pump, and eating wild ducks, which were ready cooked flying in the air; where pickles hung on trees; and sausages, oysters, rye bread, sour krout and Limburger cheese, and every delicacy, were to be found in this land. One man had eaten enough to get his head through, and in the distance more could be seen trying to reach this delightful land. In another room, some old maids, looking like they might be a hundred, were going in a bath to come out young. It was very amusing. In one room we passed through, I observed a gentleman sitting at a table, with his hat on the floor and a dog sitting by his side. On the table beside him was a glass of wine and a glass of beer. I thought he was a visitor, and was refreshing himself; so, in passing through again, he still sat there, and nothing was missing from his glass, and I knew then he was wax. In passing up stairs, I observed a lady in walking costume looking over the balustrade in the hall below. She stood there so long I began to wonder what she was looking at so attentively. Every once in a while she would turn and look about the hall, then lean over the balustrade again; so curiosity overcame me; I went up and looked in her face, and was fooled again: she, too, was wax. For the benefit of the children, I will say I saw two little chil-

dren, lost in the forest, who were very hungry, and they came across a house built of ginger cakes, and the chimneys and windows were made of peppermint candy, so they stopped, and being very hungry they commenced eating pieces of cake off the house, when an old woman came out, with a big wart on her nose, and made them scamper.

We saw the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of *Scots*, and of the Earl of Essex, and the wax figure of Charlotte Corday, in her prison cell; Oliver Cromwell at the coffin of Charles I.: Queen Elizabeth at the death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham. She stands with her right hand raised to Heaven as she says, "God may forgive you, I never will." General Gordon is in the window, and Queen Louise holding Emperor William (then two years old) in arms. I think Queen Louise the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All over the building are wax figures of her, taken at different times. The Panoptican contains the wax figures of many eminent persons. There stands Voltaire, Pauline Lucca, Humboldt, Frederick the Great, Napoleon I., Napoleon III., Prince Louis Napoleon, Alexander II. of Russia, several Russian generals, all the royal family, the Prince of Wales, all the celebrated musicians and poets, Marie Antoinette; the hands, in wax, of the Crown Princess, Queen Victoria, General Field Marshal Moltke and Wrangel, Queen Charlotte of England, and the Russian Trumpeters. We saw the figure of the man who was the inventor of the infer-

nal machine, and was engaged in the catastrophe in Bremen-Haven, 11th of December, 1875; he was a fine looking man, and an American.

We drove through many beautiful parks: one called the Thiergarten, covers upwards of six hundred acres of ground. It is enlivened by several sheets of water, and combines the character of a natural forest, with the trimmer beauties of a public park. In this park we met the Emperor's carriage, driver and footman, and the ladies of the Chinese Embassy driving out; they wore no bonnets or hats, but had their hair dressed with flowers and jewels. In this park the Crown Princess had a private playground made for poor children. It is said the Crown Prince and Princess are very much beloved by the people, and as they were walking in the Park with their children they heard some one breaking sticks, and found an old woman gathering fuel. The Crown Prince asked her if she did not know it was against the law to gather fuel in the park? She told him she knew it was, but being poor she thought it no harm to gather a few sticks. The Crown Prince and Princess gave her some money and the children helped to fill the old woman's basket, when she went on her way blessing them. The Crown Prince is very popular with his soldiers; he romps and plays like a boy with the private soldiers, and often hands his cigar case around. The finest statue in the Thiergarten is the marble monument to Frederick William III., executed in 1849. It is covered in winter: also, one to

Queen Louise, in 1880, which is grand; and a monument to Goethe; there is also a magnificent group of lions. The Zoological Garden contains the finest collection of animals in the world; the grounds are beautifully laid out, and always thronged with visitors; concerts are given every evening, and refreshments can be had anywhere on the grounds. In this garden we saw some natives of Sumalia ride ostriches, by getting on their backs and holding by their wings; they go faster than a horse. They had with them the skins of tigers and other animals, and curiosities of all kinds, which were for sale.

There is in the garden of the Herrenhausen, in Berlin, a very old tree, over 800 years old; its height is about 38 feet, and its lower circumference about five feet. When they built the new hall, King Frederick William IV. saved the venerable tree from destruction. When, in 1866, on the return of the regiment of the Guard from Bohemia, a festival was given in the garden, and Emperor William's stand was erected at the foot of this historical tree.

In one of the museums in Berlin, devoted to Northern *antiquities*, they have the representations from the idols, from which the names of the days of our week are derived.

The Prussians and French do not like each other, for the French are always boasting of what they can do. On one occasion a Prussian general, named Von Manteufel, was in company with the French minister at Berlin, and as usual he was boasting of what his

country could do; he said they could make *something* of nothing. The general became very angry, and pulling one gray hair out of his moustache, handed it to the French minister, and told him to make something out of that. The minister took the hair and sent it to a jeweler in *Paris*, telling him the circumstance, and that money was no object. It was sent back to Berlin; the imperial eagle holding the hair in its beak; on each end of the hair a tiny gold ball; on one was *Alsace*, on the other *Lorraine*. On the breast of the eagle were the letters, "Held *only* by a single hair." The French minister presented it to the Prussian general.

CHAPTER VI.

After spending three weeks in Berlin, and expecting to return after a trip up the Rhine, we left on the 4th of July, 1885, for *Magdeburg*, with a friend who spoke English. As we passed Wild Park station, near the Crown Prince's summer residence, we saw three ladies, plainly dressed in black cashmere suits, standing near, while a carriage and attendants were waiting. Our friend told us they were the Crown Prince's three daughters come to see some one off. On the same train with us was the Duke of *Coburg Gotha*. Magdeburg is the capital and seat of government of the Prussian province of Saxony, a fortress of the first rank, situated on the left bank of the Elbe, which is here divided in three arms. It is one of the most important towns in North Germany; possesses numerous wool, cotton, sugar, spirit, tobacco, chocolate, and other factories. The houses in one street date mostly from the 17th century. The Cathedral, a massive structure, was erected in 1208, on the site of the ancient Benedictine Church, which was burnt down. In the chapel beneath the towers is a monument to Archbishop Ernest; beneath, a simple marble slab in the choir, reposes Emperor Otho I., died 973; behind the high altar, his wife Editha, died 947. The pulpit is of *alabaster*, modern

stained glass windows. Tilly's Marshal staff, gloves and helmet, and an indulgence chest of the notorious Tetzel, are also shown to the curious. Magdeburg suffered terribly in the thirty years' war in 1629; it successfully resisted Wallenstein during seven months, but was taken by storm by Tilly in 1631, and almost totally destroyed. It contains many handsome private dwellings; a fine depot; elegant hotels and gardens; there is also a monument to Otho I.; the restaurant Belvediere is a favorite resort on the Elbe. It has a handsome terrace and pleasure grounds, with a war monument. We also saw a Monastery, founded in 937, suppressed in 1810, and destroyed in 1812.

We visited a garden on the suburbs, where the officers were giving a garden party to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their stay in Magdeburg. They had a large band of music; the ladies were dressed in Nun's veiling of different colors, and wore large garden hats, trimmed to match their dresses; they danced in the open air; the officers were in rich uniforms; it was a beautiful *scene;* they danced German cotilions, which seemed to take a long time, and the figures were hard to understand, as I noticed they became confused sometimes. After dancing until they were tired, they went down on a beautiful green, and engaged in different plays until supper was announced. A grand banquet was given in the hotel, and afterwards the grounds were illuminated by Chinese lanterns. All seemed to be having a gay time.

They were building a car track from the city to this garden, and the men had a Lager beer keg on tap on the side of the road; every once in a while they would go up and take a drink and sit down and have a chat; no one seemed to be in much of a hurry; in fact, I noticed all through Germany, there is not the constant rush there is in America; everybody seemed to take their time about everything, and were happy and contented. In coming back from the garden we stopped to see the soldiers drill; it was a beautiful sight to watch them giving signals, sending up balloons, just like they were in battle; the *couriers* were flying around, and reinforcements were constantly coming in, and the smoke hung like a pall over the field. It was a grand sight. The cavalry regiments in the Prussian army are also carefully drilled in the art of swimming their horses across rivers; this feat is performed with the utmost precision and rapidity, whole regiments crossing and recrossing in an astonishingly short time.

In the cemetery in Magdeburg the graves are well kept. I stood by one that was covered by running roses, and was told a sad little story about the ones who were buried beneath. It seems a young lady was unhappily *married*, and obtained a divorce from her husband, and fell in love with a young lieutenant who was wounded at the battle of *Sedan*, and brought home to die. He requested to be married to the lady on his death-bed; they were married, and the lieutenant died, and was buried with military honors.

A few days after, the widowed bride was missing from her home, and after an unsuccessful search some one suggested the *cemetery*. They found her *dead* on her husband's grave; they opened the grave and buried them together. I stood a long time meditating beside their graves. A little bird had built a nest over the hearts of those who slept beneath (under the roses). Let us hope they are happy, and united in another and a fairer world.

We went to another garden, where an *American* walked the tight-rope and performed some difficult feats in bycicle and trycicle riding.

We visited the salt mines, a few miles from the city, the operations of which were very interesting.

CHAPTER VII.

After leaving Magdeburg, we took the train for *Hanover*, and met some pleasant company who spoke English and explained many things we saw on the route. In the car was a German Baron, who wore very handsome diamonds. We passed many lovely villas and beautiful country seats, arriving in Hanover to dinner; went to Kasten's Hotel, a very fine building. The ceiling of the dining-room cost many thousand marks. We spent several days with our friends, and had an invitation from a party of Hollanders to go with them to the Hartz Mountains, but, having our route laid out, we declined the invitation, and promised to visit them in their home some time in the distant future. We went to the Sheiitzen Fest, and, as I never saw one before, I was *charmed*. Every amusement that could be mentioned was in this garden. It was just like a village. Over one of the tents was a sign of an old man and woman smoking their pipes, and underneath were the words "Welcome to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here and there were tents with the words "Tanz Music" painted conspicuously over the entrance, in each of which we saw some twenty or thirty couples whirling in the dizzy waltz. In the refreshment saloons lots of jovial holiday folks were

feasting on German sausage, black bread, Swiss cheese, beer and Rhine wine. Over one saloon I noticed the sign "Jager's refreshment saloon." They had dancing, racing, balloon ascensions, performing horses and dogs, wheels of fortune and curiosities of all kinds. They had everything imaginable to eat and drink, and all seemed to have a merry time. We saw a *black man* speaking German like a native. I went up and spoke to him, and he seemed to be delighted to meet some one who spoke his language. He said he was from Charleston, South Carolina, and was traveling with a show. He said when he first started out he made a good deal of money, but now black men were no curiosity in the portion of Germany he had traveled. We spent several days at the Fest, and enjoyed it ever so much. We then left for *Dortmund*, which is a great mining place with numerous founderies, in Westphalia, and the meeting point of several railways. It is one of the most ancient places in this part of the country, being mentioned in history as early as 927. It successfully resisted a siege of twenty-one months by the Archbishop of Cologne and other princes, but after the thirty years' war, lost its importance. We took a carriage and drove around the city. A celebrated secret tribunal was founded in Westphalia after the fall of *Henry* the *Lion*, at a time when anarchy prevailed throughout Germany, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had extended its sway over the whole empire. The num

ber of the *initiated*, bound by the most fearful oaths to execute the decrees of the tribunal, is said to have exceeded 100,000 in Westphalia alone. Dortmund was the seat of the Supreme Court. The Emperor Sigismund *himself* was initiated in 1429. We saw one of the *lime* trees, which is upwards of four hundred years old. It is near the railway station, and is kept together by bands of iron. In Dortmund we ate some splendid Westphalia ham. After driving around and visiting several stores, we took the train for Dusseldorf, which is a pleasant well-built town on the right bank of the Rhine. We went through the picture gallery, but nearly all the best paintings had been removed to *Munich*. In the heart of the older part of the town, with its narrow and irregular streets, stands the old Electoral Palace, which was remodeled in 1710; restored in Renaissance style 1846, and almost entirely burned down in 1872. The church of St. Lamber is very old. The church of St. Andrew contains the tombs of several great counts. We visited several fine gardens and cafes or restaurants; saw many handsome monuments, and were very much pleased with the town.

We took the train from Dusseldorf to Cologne, one of the most important commercial places in Germany, a fortress of the first class. Five-sixths of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics. It is on the left bank of the Rhine, and a bridge of boats connects it with a village called Deutz, on the opposite bank.

Cologne, from a distance, with its numerous towers, presents an imposing appearance, but most of the old streets are narrow and gloomy; but of late they are improving it very much. Beautiful new streets are springing up. Room has been made for more by the removal of the old wall, of which now only a few towers remain. The cathedral is the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. The largest bell in one of the towers was cast, in 1874, with the metal of French guns, and weighs twenty-five tons. The large stained glass window above the west portal was presented by the Crown Prince and Princess. The cathedral was many hundred years in building, and on the 15th of October, 1880, the completion of the cathedral was celebrated in the presence of Emperor William and almost all the sovereign princes of the German Empire. No pen can describe the magnificence of this building. There is a fine iron bridge which crosses the Rhine to the east of the cathedral, completed in 1859; it is broad enough for a double line of rails, and a separate roadway for ordinary traffic. It is 453 yards long and 47 feet above the average level of the water. Over the entrance on the left (Cologne) bank is the equestrian statue of Frederick William IV. On the right bank an equestrian statue of Emperor William I., both executed in 1867. The approach to the bridge affords a good survey of the choir of the cathedral. Cologne contains many places of interest. The synagogue was built at the expense of the banker, Oppenheimer; it is

covered with a handsome gilded dome. There is also a fine theatre, many handsome churches and a statue of Prince Bismarck, unveiled in 1879. There is also a square, planted with trees; in the midst is the handsome Apostles' Church. When the plague raged at Cologne, in 1357, Richnodes Von Lyskirchen, wife of the knight, Von *Adocht*, was attacked by the malady, and, having fallen in a *death-like swoon*, was interred in the Apostles' Church. Being awakened from her trance by a thievish grave-digger, in his attempt to abstract her rings, she returned to the house of her husband, who, imagining he beheld an apparition, declared he would sooner believeh is horses could ascend to the loft of his house, than his departed wife could return to this earth in the flesh. "Scarcely had the words escaped his lips," so the legend says, "than horses' hoofs were heard ascending the stairs, and their heads were speedily seen looking out of a window in the upper story of the house." The lady recovered and lived many years afterwards. The two horses' heads are still there, said to have been placed there to commemorate the miraculous event.

We also saw the Church of St. Ursula, of the 5th century. Near the choir *an aisle* contains the monument, erected in 1658, to St. Ursula, an English princess, who, according to the legend, when on her return from a pilgrimage to *Rome*, was barbarously murdered at Cologne, with her 11,000 virgin attendants. The figure is in alabaster, with a dove at the

feet. The bones of these virgin martyrs are preserved in cases put around the Church. The *Jesuit's* Church is also very handsome: the bell was cast with the metal of cannon taken by Tilly at Magdeburg, and presented by *him* to the Church. The Zoological garden is very fine. A band of music plays three times weekly. There is a harbor where vessels take refuge from the floating ice. And several spinning factories.

It would be impossible to tell of the many historical buildings and places of resort. When we left Cologne, the tables in the dining room were packed with flasks of Cologne made by Jules Farina, and crowds of tourists were buying it to bring to America and other parts of the world. We left Cologne on the steamer up the Rhine for Coblentz, having heard the Emperor and Empress were there.

How can I describe the sail up the Rhine? The air was so mild, we had dinner on deck, and as we passed from one castle to another, on both sides, it was grand. I never shall forget it: old ivy wreathed gothic ruins, hallowed by *tradition;* the royal palaces; the stately homes of the nobility; the straw-roofed huts of the peasantry; the many strange scenes in foreign lands, will never be forgotten. On the steamer was an American lady and gentleman. The lady did not seem to enjoy the grandeur of the scene. She said she was too much of an American to care for anything *foreign*, and that the Hudson river was far more beautiful than the Rhine, and that the Catskills

and Adirondacks had far more attractions for her than Mount Blanc or any mountain she saw in Europe. I came near asking her why she came to Europe, but, as she was not speaking to me I thought I had better keep quiet. When the steamer landed at Coblentz I was really sorry, for I never tired of the scenery. We stopped at Hotel *Traube*, and had a lovely room, with glass doors leading out on a balcony filled with flowers, where we had a full view of the Rhine and the Fort of Ehrenbreitstein on the opposite side.

Coblentz carries on an important wine trade, and manufactures large quantities of Champagne, most of which is sent to England and the British colonies. The town is surrounded by a wall. Few towns on the Rhine can vie with Coblentz in beauty of situation. It is at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, two of the most picturesque rivers in Europe, and commands charming views in every direction. In the thirty years' war it was alternately besieged and garrisoned by Swedish, French and Imperial troops. In 1688, although the town was nearly destroyed by the French cannonade, they were compelled to retreat without effecting an entry. We saw the Palace of the Empress Augusta. She was spending a few weeks there, but the Emperor had left for *Ems*, where we intended going later. We walked through beautiful grounds, tastefully laid out under the auspices of Empress Augusta. On Sunday we determined to visit the Fort Ehrenbreitstein, sometimes called the

Gibralter of the Rhine, situated on a precipitous rock 387 feet above the Rhine, and 573 feet above the sea, inaccessible on three sides. The massive fortifications were long considered a marvel of military engineering. This fortress has only thrice succumbed to an enemy. On the first of these occasions it fell in the hands of the French in 1631, through the treachery of Elector Philip-Christopher. In 1637, the Imperial General Johan Von Werth, invested it with his troops, and the garrison was forced to capitulate, through hunger.

During the war of the French Revolution *Ehrenbreitstein* was unsuccessfully besieged four times, but on the 27th of January, 1799, was surrendered by the gallant Col. Faber after all the provisions had been exhausted. Visitors are conducted over the fortress by a sergeant. Cards of admission are given for which a small sum is paid, which is given to charitable purposes. The Louisa Tower, on the west slope of the hill, derives its name from the Grand Duchess Louisa, of Baden, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, who spent some of her early years at Coblentz. After viewing the fort, from the top of which we had a fine view of the Rhine and all the surrounding country, instead of going back to Coblentz that day, we kept on to *Ems*, and on the way stopped at a very fine Catholic church, the name of which I have forgotten. The ceiling over the altar was of pearl. Everywhere in the grounds was the image of the Virgin Mary in white marble,

while the people in crowds knelt before it. Other figures, representing Bible history, were in different parts of the grounds. A guide conducted us through and explained everything. After resting and taking refreshments at the *inn*, we continued our journey to *Ems*, which we reached in time for dinner. After dinner we went to see the different places of interest; were disappointed to hear the emperor had just left for Darmstadt, so had to content myself with a newspaper with the list of arrivals, the emperor heading the list. *Ems* is visited annually by 12,000 patients, besides 5,000 tourists. The town is prettily situated on both banks of the *Lahn*, in a narrow valley enclosed by wooded and vine clad rocky heights. It consists of a street of lodging houses on the right bank of the river. The river is spanned by four bridges. The Cursall, the Curhaus and the Cur garden adjoining form the centre of attraction to visitors. The pleasure grounds of the latter being thronged with a fashionable crowd, while the band plays in the afternoon. The Cursall contains several magnificent saloons, a reading-room, a restaurant and Cafe. We stood on the marble slab which is placed in the ground to indicate the spot where, on the 13th of July, 1870, King William ordered his adjutant Count Lehndorf to give his memorable answer to the obtrusive French ambassador Benedetti. There is a covered promenade for visitors in wet weather, and lovely shaded walks on the left bank of the river. On top of a high jagged rock of

slate is a tower built for the sake of the view. The bathhouse erected in 1853, each of its courts being embellished with fountains of mineral water, worked by steam. We spent a delightful day, and drove home by moonlight. In passing through a little town there was some kind of a festival going on, and the band was playing a gay tune, and the lads and lassies were tripping the light fantastic toe. There were garlands of flowers hung across the streets, and flags were flying from the windows, while the guests were having a jolly time. When we arrived at Coblentz it was about ten o'clock. We retired much pleased with our day visit.

The next day we took a carriage and drove to every place of interest; to a plateau employed as a military drilling-ground; was, in 1870–'71, occupied by an encampment of 10,000 French prisoners of war. The palace is a large building, and was converted by the French into a hospital and barracks. It was afterwards restored by the Prussian government, and fitted up as a palace in 1845.

The Church at St. Castor is very fine, and has several towers.

CHAPTER VIII.

We took the steamer for Bingen—"fair Bingen on the Rhine." We passed many ancient castles and small towns, all of which have a history. On a rocky eminence stands two castles, called "the brothers," connected by sharp rocks. The legend of these castles may be briefly told: Conrad and Heinrich, sons of the knight, Bayer Von Poppard, the Lord of *Leibenstein*, were enamored of their foster sister, the beautiful Hildegarde. *Heinrich*, with rare generosity, tore himself away and joined the Crusades, leaving his brother, Conrad, to win the prize. That his son and his fair *bride* might still be near him, the old knight built the castle of Sterrenburg for their reception, but his death occurring before its completion, the nuptials were postponed; meanwhile, *Conrad's* heart grew cold towards Hildegarde. Hearing of the valient deeds of his absent brother, his soul burned to share his honors, and weary of an inactive life, he joined the Crusades. Hildegarde now passed her days in the lonely castle, brooding over her sad fate, not doubting the affection of Conrad, but weeping over the uncertainty of his return. Suddenly Conrad returned to Sterrenburg with a lovely Grecian bride, and the outraged Hildegarde, stunned by the blow, shut herself up in the loneliest

chamber of her dreary abode, and refused to see any one but her attendant.

Late one evening a stranger knight demanded the hospitality of the castle. He proved to be the chivalrous Heinrich, who, hearing of his brother's perfidy and his foster sister's wrongs, challenged Conrad to single combat; but Hildegarde interposed between them, and insisted on a reconciliation, to which they reluctantly consented. Hildegarde then retired to the convent of Bonnhofen, at the base of the rock on which the castle stands.

Conrad's Grecian bride soon proved faithless, and he, overcome with shame and remorse, threw himself on his generous brother's breast, exclaiming that no consolation was now left him but his friendship. Thus their estrangement ended, and the brothers thenceforth lived together in harmony and retirement at Liebenstein, while Sterrenburg was forever deserted: the ruins are very interesting.

There is another large ledge of rocks called the *Lurlie*, 433 feet above the Rhine. The legend says a nymph had her dwelling on the rock, and like the *Sirens* of old, enticed sailors and fishermen to their destruction. In the rapids at the foot of the precipice, the legend says a treasure lies buried beneath the Lurlenberg. Our steamer fired a *gun*, so we could hear the famous *echo*, but it can only be heard in the quiet of the early morning or late evening. The edge of the Lurlie rock presents the appearance of a human profile, supposed to resemble that of Na-

poleon I. There is a rocky point to the left, which the railway penetrates by a tunnel, a ridge of rocks, known as the "Seven Virgins," visible when the river is low. It is said that these rugged masses were once seven fair maidens of the Schönburg, who were condemned by the river-god for their prudery to this metamorphosis. There is a ruined castle, called the Devil's Ladder, of which a legend records that a Knight of Lorch, with the assistance of mountain sprites, once scaled on horseback, and thus gained the hand of his lady love. In going up the Rhine, to the right is Clemen's Kapel, a small chapel lately restored by the Princess Fredericka of Prussia. The history of the Church is unknown, but it is on record that it was once visited by Emperor Maxmillian I. It was supposed to have been built by the Knights of Waldeck, to insure the soul's peace of the robber knights slain or hanged by Rudolph of Hapsburg. A little above the church rises the picturesque Castle of Rheinstein. In 1825-29, Prince Frederick of Prussia, caused the castle to be restored in the mediæval style, and he died in 1863, and was interred in the chapel. On a ledge of rocks in the middle of the Rhine, rises a small building, well preserved: it has a tower, and covered with an unsightly roof; numerous turrets jutting corners, loop-holes in every direction, and one entrance only, situated about six feet above the rock, and reached by means of a ladder. The upper angle of the building, with its stanchions and grappling irons, serves to break the force of the floating ice in

winter. To the right of the entrance is a tablet, commemorating the passage of the Rhine on January 1st, 1814.

At this point, early on New-year's day, 1814, a Prussian corps, under York, and a division of Russian troops, under Langeron, effected the passage of the Rhine, under the direction of Blucher; a small monument, in sandstone, commemorates this event.

Assmannhausen is a village, with 960 inhabitants; it is celebrated for its full bodied and highly flavored red wine; has a warm alkaline spring, containing *lithia*, which was known as far back as the Roman period.

Beyond Assmannhausen the steamer reaches the Binger *Loch*, a rapid caused by the narrowness of the rocky channel, the widening of which has been the work of ages. The passage is now free from danger, but in descending, the larger rafts require to be piloted with extreme caution. The steep slopes of the Rüdesheimer mountains yield the wine of that name, and terrace rise above terrace, to secure the soil from washing away. The hill is completely covered with walls and arches; the careful preservation of which conveys an idea of the value of the vines. According to tradition, Charlemagne observed from his palace at Ingelheim that the snow always melted first on the Rüdesheimer Mount, and therefore caused vines to be brought from Orleans and planted there. On a quartz rock, in the middle of the Rhine, is situated the Mouse tower, said to

derive its name from the well known legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, having caused a number of poor people, whom he compared to mice, bent on devouring the corn, to be burned in a barn during a famine. He was immediately attacked by mice, which tormented him day and night. He then sought refuge on this island, but was followed by his persecutors and soon devoured alive. The tower, however, was in reality erected in the middle ages as a watch tower, and the name is derived from the old German word "*musee*," "to spy." In 1856 the ruins were again converted into a kind of watch-tower for making signals to steamers, which, in descending the river, are required to slacken speed here, when other vessels are coming up the stream. Nearly opposite Bingen is a rock in the Rhine marked with a black cross, in which the heart of the Rhenish historian, Voigt, who died 1836, was deposited at his own request. After viewing the beautiful scenery on the historic Rhine, we landed at Bingen and saw the yellow sunlight fall on the vine clad hills of Bingen, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

We took a carriage and drove to Hotel Hartman, situated on a high hill, in full view of the Niederwald Monument on the other side of the Rhine.

Bingen is a Hessian town, situated at the confluence of the *Nahe* and Rhine. In the middle ages it was a free town of the Empire, and one of the earliest members of the confederation of Rhenish towns.

During the thirty years' war it was repeatedly captured, and in 1689, it was almost totally destroyed by the French. Bingen carries on a large trade in wine. Above the town, on the site of the ancient Roman Fortress, rises the castle of Klopp, which was destroyed by the French in 1689, but has been tastefully restored and extended.

The finest points in the neighborhood of Bingen, are the Rochuscapelle. In order to reach it we passed the cemetery, which contains monuments to the memory of Napoleon's *veterans*, and of the campaign of 1870-71. There is an old tombstone which contains an epitaph which seemed to amuse everyone who read it.

Rudesheim is just across the river from Bingen. The celebrated wine of that place can boast of the longest pedigree on the Rhine. It is a nice little town, with 3,700 inhabitants, who live by the culture of the vine; lies in a sunny situation at the south base of the Niederwald. At the lower end of the town rises the Castle of Brömberg, which was originally the seat of the Knights of Rüdesheim, who, in 1282, were compelled to become vassals of the Archbishop of Mayence, as a punishment for brigandage; part of it was destroyed in 1640.

The Niederwald Monument, erected in commemoration of the unanimous rising of the German people, and the restoration of the German Empire in 1870-71, stands on a hill opposite Bingen, conspicuous far and wide. It was inaugurated in 1883, in the

presence of the Emperor and numerous other German princes. The huge base is 78 feet high, while the noble form of Germania, with the Imperial Crown, and the laurel-wreathed sword, an emblem of the unity and strength of the Empire, is 33 feet in height. It keeps watch over the Rhine; it contains portraits of the Emperor, and other German princes and generals; and also represents the departure and return of troops. This magnificent monument cost many thousand marks. We left Bingen on the train for Kreutznach, on the river *Nahe*, about ten miles from the Rhine. It is the birthplace of one of our townsmen. It is a very picturesque little town; has two-story little houses built out on the piers. We stopped at Hotel Rees, kept by a widow lady with three daughters, one married, who spoke English; we met an American family there, who were very pleasant, and we had quite a nice time.

Kreutznach is famous for its salt springs, which are much frequented, and visited by upwards of six thousand patients annually. The salt baths are particularly beneficial in cases of scrofula and cutaneous diseases. Reese Hotel is a mile from the city, but it is a lovely walk, with seats all along the road. We would walk up every day, once or twice. The band plays every day at the Curhaus or the Spring; we sit for hours in the covered walk-way which leads through the park to the extreme end, where is situated the Elizabeth Spring, the waters of which are drunk twice a day, as part of the cure. There are a great

many handsome stores, which sell all kinds of fancy articles, made of *Agate*.

While we were at Kreutznach, we went on a Sunday to see a horse race, as I had never seen one. There were many Americans present, who bet *pretty freely*. I liked the races very much, but one of the jockeys, in clearing the hurdle, met with an accident, his horse rolling over on him. He was taken up for dead, but was not hurt as bad as first supposed.

There are lovely walks across the river, on the left bank of which is a castle called the Schlossberg, a hill laid out as private pleasure grounds. Shady walks ascend the hill from the bridge over the Nahe. The ruined castle, of Krauzenberg, the ancient seat of the *Sponheim* family, which was destroyed by the French in 1689, commands a fine view of the valley. A lion, hewn in stone, commemorates the gallant conduct of Michael Mort, a butcher of Kreuznach, who sacrificed his life in a battle against Archbishop Werner, of Mayence, in 1279, to save his Prince, Johann Von Sponheim. We had some delightful walks and rides and sails in pleasure boats, covered with awnings, rowed by boatmen in picturesque costumes. Sometimes we would go up in a boat to the city and ride back in a carriage. And we would often stand on the bridge at Kreutznach and watch the boats pass under, filled with tourists, singing merry songs. We spent a delightful week at Kreutnach, every day making some excursion. One day

we crossed the bridge and went up on a high mountain, where we had a full view of Bingen and the Niederwald Monument. We went to the Rothenfels, a perpendicular cliff, 900 feet high, from which we had a magnificent view: in coming down we came in a road down the mountain like a winding stair. It was a lovely sight—the vineyards below us, and we so many feet higher. We landed at *Münster*, on the Stein, a village pleasantly situated, and bids fair to rival Kreutznach as a watering place. It possesses salt springs. Several ruined castles are in sight and many pleasant villages. The ruined castle of Ebernburg, once the stronghold of Franz Von Sickengen, and an asylum for outlaws and fugitives. In going up the mountain we took refreshments at the *Forester's* cottage, at the foot of the mountain. In Münster we saw an American actor, whose stage name was Maurice Moritzan. We went from Münster in a conveyance something like an ambulance, which held about sixteen people. The landlady at Kreutznach had a Lynx stuffed, which her husband had shot on the mountains around Kreutznach. We left Kreutznach for Bingen, intending to take the boat for Mayence. We took a last view of the Niederwald Monument through a telescope at the wharf, and of the Hotel Hartman, which has a *veranda*, where visitors look through telescopes at the view across the Rhine. We took breakfast in a room enclosed with glass, giving a lovely view of the ruined castles and the valley below.

We passed many beautiful villages and castles, and after a delightful trip, arrived at Mayence (German, Mainz) about dusk. Took rooms at Hotel Hollande, which is very fine. Mayence is a stronly fortified town; has garrison of 8,000 soldiers, is on the left bank of the Rhine, and is connected by a bridge of boats with the little town of Castel. I will never forget my promenade on the quay, which leads along the bank of the Rhine. It was a lovely night and the stars shone brightly, and were reflected in the water, reminding me of the song, "Ten thousand stars are in the sky, ten thosand in the sea." We took a carriage next day, and drove to every place of interest. The driver being well posted, we gained a good deal of information. The cathedral was built in 975-1011, but was burned down immediately after its consecration. It was then restored, and again destroyed by fire in 1108–1137. After each occasion it was erected on a grander scale than before. In 1767 it was injured by lightning, and, in 1793, again damaged by the *siege*, after which it was repeatedly used as a magazine. In 1814 it was again restored to its sacred uses. Near the cathedral is the statue of Guttenberg, executed in Paris, and erected in 1837. The palace, begun in 1627, and hastily finished in 1678, on a much less grand scale than once intended, was the residence of the Electors down to 1792, and during the French war, was used as a hay magazine, and is now used for the collection of Roman antiquities. The old streets are

crooked and narrow, but handsome new buildings and streets are springing up. A tunnel is now in progress 1300 feet long. On an eminence rises the handsome Gothic church, of St. Steven, erected in 1257–1318, on the highest site in the town, 98 feet above the level of the Rhine. Among the objects of interest it contains are the bones and sacerdotal vestments of Archbishop Willigis, several monuments in stone and altar pieces. The cemetery, which was once the burying-ground of the Roman legions, is tastefully laid out. Mayence is, historically, one of the most interesting of the Rhenish towns; its important strategic situation has, in all ages, attracted attention.

We left Mayence, on the cars, for *Monheim*, a town situated near the confluence of the Necker and Rhine. It is considered the most regular built town in Germany, being divided in squares and sections like a chess-board. The streets are distinguished according to the *American* system, by letters and numerals. The staple commodities are tobacco, coffee, grain and petroleum. The theatre is considered one of the best in Germany. Schiller's monument was erected in 1862, and there is a monument to a distinguished actor, who began his career in Monheim. There is also the Jesuit Church, the Arsenal, the Synagogue and many other handsome buildings. From Monheim we went to *Worms*, which suffered terribly during the thirty years war.

In 1689 the town was treated with savage cruelty

by Mela, and the young Duke de Crequi. After having been pillaged, it was set on fire, and, with the exception of the cathedral and synagogue, soon became one smouldering heap of ruins. The town was one of the most important in Germany during the middle ages: has 11,400 Protestants, 6,200 Roman Catholics and 1,200 Jews.

The monument to *Luther*, the Great Reformer of Germany, which was nine years in building, is grand. The statue of *Luther*, in bronze, stands on a platform: in his left hand he holds a Bible, on which his right hand is placed *emphatically*, while his face, on which faith is admirably portrayed, is turned upwards. He is surrounded by a number of bold spirits, who before, or along with him, had fought the last struggle for the Reformation. The people of Worms are engaged in the culture of the *vine*, and they carry on a considerable trade in leather. We bought here some excellent cherries and plums, the largest I ever saw. We took dinner at a nice restaurant, kept by a man who had twin boys named Conrad and Frantz.

We took the train for Heidelberg, which contains the university of 1,000 students, who wear fancy caps to distinguish their clubs, and are much given to beer drinking and duelling. We hardly saw a dozen that were not scarred by some sharp pointed instrument on the face, and they looked as if they were proud of it. So much has been written about the castle that I am almost afraid to attempt to de-

scribe it, but will do the best I can. It is the most magnificent *ruins* in Germany, and contains the famous Heidelberg Tun, a monster cask, capable of holding 49,000 gallons. By the tun stands a grotesque figure of *Pekoe*, court jester of Elector Charles Phillip, who is said to have drunk eighteen bottles of wine a day. There was a lady who spoke different languages, who guided visitors over the castle; she said the wine in the great tun had been drank out once by the French Army. There are two other smaller tuns bearing strange inscriptions. We went all through the castle. These ivy clad ruins are linked with innumerable historical associations.

The Frederick's bau contains collections of portraits of Palatine princes, statesmen, generals and professors, coins, relics, weapons, ornaments, views of the castle at different periods. A cork model of the castle; a relief plan of the environs of Heidelberg. A vaulted passage leads under the Frederick's bau to the great balcony constructed in 1610, which commands a beautiful view. Over the entrance to the Rupert's *bau* is a rosary borne by two angels. The masonry of the castle is so solid that when the French blew it up, in 1689, one half became detached and fell in an unbroken mass into the Moat, where it still remains. The tower is 93 feet in diameter. The walls are 21 feet thick; beneath are long casemated passages. In 1622, when the castle was taken by Tilly, it escaped almost un-

injured; it was afterwards restored by Carl Ludwig, during whose reign the country also recovered from the disasters of the thirty years' war. After the death of Carl, Louis XIV. began the cruel war which involved the castle of Heidelberg, and so many others, in one common ruin. On the 24th of October, 1688, the town and castle capitulated to Count Melac, the French general, who spent the following winter there. On the approach of the German armies he determined to evacuate the place, and on the 2nd of March, 1689, caused the whole of the fortifications to be blown up, the palace to be burned down, and part of the town to be set on fire. Forty years later the greater part of the castle was rebuilt by Elector Karl Theodor, but in 1764 it was struck by lightning and reduced to its present ruinous condition. In the kitchen of the castle is an open fire place where they roasted whole oxen, and in nearly every room are little closets with loop holes, where the inmates viewed their enemies from a distance. To the castle direct is three miles; one can ride up on donkeys or go in carriages. I plucked some ivy from the old ruins and brought it home with me. We stopped at Grand Hotel Schreider, near the station, and the next morning at breakfast was asked by the head waiter if we belonged to the party of Americans, who intended to explore the castle that day. From Heidelberg we went to Frankfort, on the Main, which is a large city, and belongs to Prussia. Old watch towers in the vicinity

indicate its ancient extent. The city lies in a spacious plain, bounded by mountains, on the right bank of the navigable Main. On the left bank lies Sachsenhausen, connected with Frankfort by four stone bridges, and an iron suspension bridge. The air of wealth and importance which pervades the city affords an indication of the success and extent of its commercial relations; it has been much improved since 1862, when we were there. New and imposing buildings are springing up everywhere. The new opera house is magnificent; was opened in 1880. We saw the hotel where Emperor William stops when he visits Frankfort, and in front is a balcony where he appeared to the people. The monument to Guttenberg and Gœthe, and the house where Gœthe was born is also to be seen. There is a street called Juden Strass, or Jew street, which many years ago was closed every evening, and on Sundays and holidays throughout the whole day with lock and key, and no Jew might venture into any part of the town under a heavy penalty. In spite of this tyranny many denizens of these squalid purlieus flourished, and among them the enormously wealthy family of Rothschild, who originally resided on this street. The house where they were born, and where Madam Rothschild died some years ago, was undergoing repairs. They have set it back from the street, and are widening the street, but the original house still stands. At the end of this street stands the old synagogue.

There is a handsome bridge over the Main, constructed in 1342. In the middle of the bridge is a statue of Charlemagne, erected in 1843; near it is an old iron cross, with a rooster perched on top. Tradition says that the rooster was the victim of a vow made by the architect to sacrifice to the Devil the first living thing which crossed the bridge. There is a cemetery which contains several handsome monuments, and a vault belonging to the Bethmann family, and several handsome reliefs to the memory of Herr V. Bethmann, who died at Florence of an illness caused by his exertions on the occasion of a fire at Baden, near Vienna. The hurried presentation of an oak wreath to the dying man in the larger relief, is an allusion to a letter of thanks written to him by the Emperor of Austria. The Jewish burying-ground contains a marble sarcophagus to the memory of Carl Rothschild, who died in 1855.

Frankfort is a magnificent city. There we saw cars run by electricity. Across the river is Sachsenhausen, said to have been founded by Charlemagne, and assigned by *him* as a residence to the conquered Saxons, from *whom* it derives its name.

We left Frankfort for *Gillenhausen*, stopping at *Hanau*, the junction for the express trains from Frankfort, and Stuttgart and Berlin. It is a pleasant town, with 23,000 inhabitants, with silk and woolen manufactories. The more modern part of the town was founded in 1597, by Protestant exiles from the Netherlands, to whom an asylum in Frankfort was

denied. Gillenhausen is a town situated on a red soil, which contrasts picturesquely with the green vineyards. On an island in the Kinzig are the ruins of an Imperial Palace, erected by Frederick I., in 1144, part of which is still in tolerable preservation. The arches of the windows rest on clustered columns, with beautiful capitals. The Emperor Frederick Babarossa held a great assembly here in 1110, to pronounce the Imperial Ban against Duke Henry the Lion. We stopped at a hotel called Deuitch House, kept by a young married couple; we saw milch cows drawing wood, and they looked as fat and sleek as if they were standing knee-deep in clover. On leaving for the train I got in the midst of a flock of geese, and I never heard such a noise; they were pulling my dress and chattering like so many magpies; I was actually frightened. In going along, a man would come out of a house and blow a horn, and the hogs would run out of the gateways and file right and left like soldiers. At different places we could see shepherds, with their crooked sticks and dogs, keeping watch over their flocks.

From Gillenhausen we went back again to Millhausen and the Englisher Hoff, and it really seemed like home, after traveling so long. A few days after arriving, we received cards to a betrothal ceremony of a young friend, who was very beautiful, in fact the loveliest girl I saw in Germany. The bride elect was handsomely dressed in white and crowned with flowers. She received her guests in

her father's parlor, which was decorated with flowers, and the tables were loaded with costly presents. The married sisters of the bride all came and kissed their new brother-in-law, and welcomed him into the family. Cards and telegrams were coming in all day, and refreshments were served every few minutes. We left, with many good wishes for their future happiness, and spent the remainder of the evening in a garden where a band of music was playing a grand old air, and where the dancers were drifting, and floating and gliding, till the lights were dim and the guests all gone. "We never heed how the moments fly; swift winged as swallows they pass us by; for *hark*, the music in discord dies; dawn is blossoming in the skies." Some young friends proposed a trip to Saalfield and Rudolstadt, and no sooner said than done. A party was made up to start in a few days.

We left Millhausen with a gay company on the morning train, and arrived at Saalfeld at dinner time, where friends met us at the depot. We stopped at Hotel Hirsh. We passed Schwarza, near which is the battle field, 10th of October, 1806, where Launes and Augerean with thirty thousand men defeated eleven thousand Prussians and Saxons under Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia (the prince was killed). We saw the marble stone erected to his memory on the spot where he was shot, after which he rode about a hundred yards before he fell from his horse. His remains were buried in Berlin. We spent several hours at *Jena*, which has a fine

university. Many streets contain memorial tablets to illustrious men who were once teachers or students at the university. We walked over the battle field of *Jena*, where Napoleon, with his superior generalship and a large army, signally defeated the Prussians under Prince Hohenloe. We made up a party to go to the castle of Schwarzburg; we left in carriages; it was a lovely drive in one of the most picturesque and beautiful wooded valleys in Thuringia. The Chrysophas Inn, where we took dinner, commands a fine view of the Thuringian Forest. On one side we see the rounded and dark wooded summit and narrow valleys of the slate formation, and on the other the light colored limestone peaks with wide flat valleys between them. We saw deers grazing in the valleys and a thunderstorm on the mountains, which was *sublime*.

We went to Eberstein, a shooting lodge of the Prince; the house, on a mountain, is occupied by an attendant who feeds the wild boars; they are hunted by the noblemen at stated times, and may be seen roaming about most any time. The Castle is charmingly situated on an eminence 256 feet high; dates its present form from 1726, when the other building was burned down. It contains an interesting armory and some fine antlers; we visited the Trippstein, a beautiful open space, with a summer-house, commanding a striking view of the Schwarzburg. A little way from the Trippstein is a shooting lodge, containing furniture made from the antlers of the

deer killed in that vicinity; we registered our names on the summer-house at the Trippstein, among many hundred more, and had a lovely drive through the forest, where the trees were so tall and large that one of them would almost furnish a winter's supply of fire-wood. The driver got out and gathered for us the wild strawberries, which were quite plentiful. Our party was a very gay one, singing Bonnie Doon and other songs, which sounded very sweetly through the forest.

Before we got out of the forest the weather turned very cool, and when we arrived at the Weisser Hirsh, or White Deer, we were glad to find a fire. As it was warm when we started I never provided a wrapping, and consequently suffered from the change in temperature, after getting back to Saalfeld, which is an old town on the Saale, having numerous sewing machine and other factories, also the castle of the extinct Dukes of Saalfeld, and a chateau of the 16th century.

After getting tired of Saalfeld, we left with a gay party on the train for Rudolstadt, in Saxony, at the foot of the Thuringia Mountains, on the river *Saale*. At the height of 200 feet rises the Castle Heidecksburg, the residence of the Prince, containing a handsome *Rococo* hall and several fine pictures; we visited the Grand Duke's bath-room; went in his private rooms. His bath-room is superbly grand; the walls are painted to represent Nymphs bathing, and the ceiling Aurora, rising from the sea in a cloud of stars;

mirrors in solid gold frames; and a sofa, the cover of which cost 1,200 dollars; everything was magnificent. We took dinner at the restaurant, and then visited an old lady, whose husband and son are friends of ours in Baltimore. She was delighted to see us, and made many inquiries about her friends in America. She gave us bouquets of rare flowers out of her garden, and came with her niece down to the station to see us off. We bade our Saalfeld friends a long *adieu*, and left for Millhausen, where we arrived about twilight.

CHAPTER X.

Millhausen is on the river Unstrut, surrounded with beautiful walks and drives, and the stream of water that runs through the street makes a musical sound in the dead hour of night. I used to lay awake for hours listening to it, and would often sit at the window of moon-light nights and watch the water as it reflected the moon's rays in our chamber.

It was in Millhausen that Thomas Münzer, leader of the German Anabaptists, was defeated, captured, and executed where the principal of his enormities were committed.

While out walking one night, I observed a light in the steeple of a Church, and was told that the family lived in the steeple who took care of the Church. I have always regretted that I did not go up to see how the family was fixed. On a street, lined with large trees many years old, is a spot marked where Queen Louise rested when she was fleeing from Napoleon. In a garden were some soldiers, who were having a grand time drinking beer and singing. Their time expired in the army in a few months; they had their pictures taken, with a lager beer keg and glasses of beer in their hands. One of the pictures was presented to us. At the hotel there was a magnificent St. Bernadine dog, the largest I ever saw;

he was kept muzzled all the time; he followed us everywhere; the landlady said he was so much petted that she was afraid he would not be of much account, and offered to sell him to us, but it was too much trouble to bring him to America, and so we declined. We learned this dog was very vicious; he followed us to the station, and I thought my last hour had *come* when he jumped on the cars put his fore-paws on my lap to tell me good-bye. Shall I ever forget that parting? The cars were full of *flowers*, and our friends weeping. It looked more like a funeral than a parting for a few years. How many changes will take place before we see those dear faces again? Among the crowd was three betrothed lovers, who bid us "God speed, over the dark waters of the beautiful murmuring sea."

On our way to Berlin we stopped at *Halle*. We took a carriage and drove around the city. Pear and apple trees grow on the sidewalk loaded with fruit, and no one touches them. Halle contains a large and flourishing university. The town is a commercial place of great importance. In the centre of the old town rises the clock tower 276 feet in height. After riding around the city, and viewing the places of interest, we took the train for Berlin. On the *route* we stopped at Leipsic, allowing our baggage to go on to Berlin. We found a very nice hotel near the station. Leipsic is one of the most important towns in Germany, it being the centre of the German book trade, and is the seat of the su-

preme law courts of the German Empire; also the seat of one of the most ancient and important universities in Europe. Leipsic holds a great many fairs. On these occasions the town is thronged with forty or fifty thousand traders from all parts of Europe, made up of Jews, Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians and Turks. The most important of the staple commodities at the fairs are furs. They also sell leather, cloth, glass and linen. There are about three hundred book stores in Leipsic, and eighty printing offices. The books are sent to all parts of Europe and to more distant countries. The churches present few attractions. One contains cannon balls built in the wall by the window, and a stone pulpit from which Luther preached; a room that *Goethe* occupied when he was a student in 1767. There is a small monument to commemorate the premature blowing up of the bridge by the French on the 19th of October, 1813, which proved so fatal to their rear guard. The spot where Prince Poniatowsky was drowned, in the Ellster, is indicated by an inscription on a house close by. The battle of Leipsic, which lasted four days, history tells us was the most sanguinary one on record. It was conducted by the greatest generals of modern times. The number of cannons brought in the field is estimated at 2,000. On the 19th of October, at 11 o'clock A. M., a Prussian Landwehr Battalion stormed the Grimmer gate and effected an entrance in the town. At twelve Napoleon quitted the town. The *bridge*, the only

mode of crossing the river, was prematurely blown up, and thousands of the French perished by drowning, and among them the Polish General Poniatowsky. At one o'clock the Allies entered Leipsic. On a hill by the roadside rises an iron obelisk, where tradition says the three monarchs, of Russia, Prussia and *Austria*, received the tidings of the victory of the 19th of October. After the battle there were shells enough picked up in the streets and suburbs to build the monument we saw. Tradition says an old Gypsy told Poniatowsky that an Ellster would be the death of him, but as an Ellster is a species of crow, he laughed her prediction to *scorn*; but her words came true, for he was drowned in the river Ellster.

Leipsic is one of the busiest cities I saw while in Europe. We visited the Zoological Garden and Skating Rink, where we heard some grand music, and witnessed the antics of the numerous animals belonging to the former; we saw in this garden some lovely white pea-fowl, with their young, and an Angora cat, a real beauty. Next day we drove over the city and environs, taking refreshments in a handsome restaurant, and meeting many distinguished people; drove through all the narrow, crooked streets, and to a height planted with trees from which Napoleon watched the battle of Leipsic.

From Leipsic we traveled to Berlin through a driving rain; the country is beautiful; everything bears evidence of industry and thrift; marshy places, that

naturally would not yield any thing for man or beast, are planted in willows for baskets, and on the *rocky* places are sown flower seed; they are one living bloom. Every once in a while the cars would stop for the passengers to take refreshments; and the nicest white bread, sausage and coffee, could be procured for a few cents. All along the roadside are the loveliest little cottages, completely covered with running vines, while the station masters' little houses were lovely; their yards were filled with rare flowers.

Arrived at Berlin, drove to our hotel in a heavy rain. Next morning was bright, clear and cool. We went out sight seeing, never having seen all of Berlin before. We passed several book-stores, where General Grant's picture, hung with crape, was in the windows, and the Stars and Stripes over the Minister's and Consul General's office were at half-mast; also over the telegraph and other offices.

We went to several more Museums; saw Gœthe and Schiller's hair; Bread of the Famine; and Blucher's Plume, that was picked up in his flight from Lubeck; and the Billiard Cue that was taken to France by Napoleon, and brought back by Blucher; and Queen Louise's last piece of work; Block and Axe with which *Hoedel* was executed for firing on Emperor William; Instruments of Torture of olden times; Bell rung for executions; and many things too numerous to mention.

We went to the Aquarium, which is very interesting. Saw some old friends, crabs and oysters. The

bottom of the different tanks are covered with living flowers, the most beautiful I ever saw, brought up by divers from the bottom of the Mediterranean sea, Atlantic ocean, and other large bodies of water.

In that portion set apart for birds, we saw four white Ravens and one black one all in one nest.

We went one Sunday on a steamer down the river Spree, to a place called Treptow, a fashionable resort of the Berliners; we met many pleasure boats, some of them with the American flag flying; we spent a delightful evening, and returned on horse cars. On our way a balloon passed over the city, with four men in it.

After we arrived at Berlin, we took supper in a fine restaurant, where every room was so crowded we had much difficulty in finding a seat. On the way to the restaurant we stopped at the butcher who supplies the Emperor's household and bought some tomatoes; our friends were surprised that we should eat tomatoes.

Next day we went to see the monument built of captured Danish, Austrian and French cannon (60 in all). It is called the Monument of Victory; it represents the battles and the generals engaged, and the return of the troops, and the people kissing the Emperor's hand. The Avenue of Victory is one of the most fashionable promenades of the Berliners, especially in Spring.

It is said the Crown Prince, Frederick William, was walking on a fashionable street in Berlin one

day, accompanied by his wife and three daughters, when they met a man with a bundle of faggots. The Crown Prince stopped him and told him it was against the law to obstruct the sidewalk. The man told him if there was room for himself, wife and three daughters to walk abreast, there was certainly room for him and his bundle. The Crown Prince said pass on my *friend*. We often met the court ladies riding out: some of them are very beautiful. We went to a church to see a young couple married at four o'clock in the afternoon. The front door was locked, but many strangers, among them ourselves, went round to the back door, determined to see a fashionable marriage. The church was darkened and wax candles lit on the altar. The minister was the celebrated Jew hater, Stöcker, the one who wanted all the Jews driven out of Berlin and all over Germany. When Emperor William goes to church he won't allow Stöcker to preach. The bride and groom were seated, and the groomsmen, dressed in black suit, white vests and gloves, were seated around, each with a piece of music in his hands. The organ played and they all joined in singing. The bride was beautifully dressed in white satin, with a veil down to the hem of her dress, and a wreath of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. She carried a large bouquet of white roses and a white velvet prayer book; she wore white satin slippers; no jewelry; nothing but flowers. The church was crowded with strangers. As the bride

passed to her carriage everybody bowed. I waved my handkerchief and they both bowed and smiled. We saw several wedding couples after that in carriages going to church to be married, and I always waved my handkerchief (I guess they thought I was crazy). One day, while in Berlin, we were walking by the castle where the spectral lady appears to denote the death of a member of the house Hoenzollern. The window where she appears was pointed out to us, and I was so much in hopes she would appear while we were there, but I was disappointed. She appeared in Berlin before the death of Prince Waldemar, son of the Crown Prince, and frightened the guard so he threw his musket away and ran off. He was court-martialed, but subsequently forgiven by the Emperor. The *spectral* or white lady is said to be the widowed Countess of Orlamunde. She is said to have fallen in love with a young and handsome knight, and her affection was not unappreciated by the gallant cavalier, but, when the countess expressed the wish for marriage, he replied that he could not enter the holy bonds of matrimony so long as four eyes were in existence. Having two children by her former husband, the countess naturally imagined that they were the obstacle to her union with the knight; so she killed them by running one of her golden hair pins through their skulls. When the knight learned what the countess had done, he refused to marry her. The inhuman mother eventually died, but her spirit could never

rest, and though she was duly buried she used to appear frequently afterwards, foreboding misfortune and death. She is said to have appeared to Napoleon while at *Beyreuth*; the first time the 14th of May, 1812, while he was on his way to Russia. From 1806-1809 she appeared frequently to the officers of the French Army.

Berlin has many elegant monuments, one to the eminent oculist, Von Gräfe, who died in 1870; he made many wonderful cures. The Invalide Park contains an Obelisk, commemorating the loss of the Corvette Amazone in 1861; and the Warriors' Monument, a column of iron, erected in 1854, to the memory of soldiers who fell in 1848-'49; we also saw the Panorama of the Battle of *Sedan* and Siege of Paris, which was so grand no pen can describe. The grandest statue *said* to be in Europe, is of Frederick the Great, in bronze, by Rauch, erected in 1851. The great King is represented on horseback, with his coronation robes and walking stick. The corner-stone was laid 31st of May, 1840, the hundredth anniversary of the accession of Frederick to the throne of Prussia, and the monument was completed and inaugurated in 1851. Unter Der Linden is a beautiful street, which takes its name from the avenue of lime trees, interspersed with chestnuts, with which it is planted; it resembles the Boulevards of *Paris;* it is flanked with handsome palaces, spacious hotels and attractive stores.

In passing over the bridge across the river Spree,

near the King's Palace, we met an old friend, a big black roach, on a tramp; I stopped and saluted him, and passed on; that was the only one I saw in Germany. I met several colored people on the street. The Crown Prince has a black man in his Palace. We called with our friend on the Consul-General, *Mr. Reine.* He said he was always glad to see any of his American friends; he was just fixing his house; his wife spoke more English than German; he said he would call on us, but as we expected to leave Berlin in a short time we never met him again. Our friend was very much pleased with Mr. Reine, and has met him several times in different gardens with his daughter and black servant.

We also went to see the Japanese. Their work is very interesting. The same day we were in a garden where there were seven bands of music; while one was playing we could hear the others at a distance. In this garden the elite of Berlin were well represented, and English Lords and German Barons were as numerous as blackberries on the Stafford hills. We went a few miles from Berlin to see the fire-works, representing Alexandria, Egypt, bombarded by the English. I can never describe this wonderful work and do it full justice, but will try. The City of Alexandria is seen by moonlight, and the river is filled with war ships. I noticed one American ship, with the Stars and Stripes flying, which did not take any part in the fight. When the signal was given the bombardment commenced; the

very river was on fire; the explosion of the shells was terrific; a sulphurous smoke overhung the city like a funeral pall. When the wind lifted it, the flag of the Geneva Cross was seen floating over the hospitals, and the city had surrendered. The band played "Watch on the Rhine," "God Save the Queen," and "Home, Sweet Home," and the entertainment was over. The street cars and every available vehicle were in demand to convey the vast crowd to the city and their homes. In this garden was a diver, who went down in a large tank of water to show people how he brought up bodies from a ship in the bottom of the ocean. He said he had brought up many from the wreck of the steamer Cambria; he was clad in a complete diver's suit; he carried a hatchet in his hand to cut away the timber.

CHAPTER XI.

We intended going to Potsdam to see the parade in honor of the Emperor of Austria's birthday, but it was raining so hard we did not go. If we had have gone we would have seen Emperor William. We went to another garden several miles from Berlin, where there were all kinds of amusements, even to electric cars, and an open air theatre, where four Americans played and danced. We went out on the railway and returned in street cars. There was a splendid ball-room resembling a grotto, lit by elegant chandeleirs. In one of the open squares, near one of the palaces, is an old woman selling fruit, and she was literally covered with birds of all kinds. It was very amusing to watch her. The birds did not seem to be afraid of her, but she was like a tree, completely covered with them. She said she saw no peace and was glad when night came. We visited many other places of amusement too numerous to mention, and stayed three weeks longer, going to some public place every day. We saw the place where Hoedel was executed, and the window from which the emperor was shot, and the Imperial Hotel, where Pauline Lucca, the favorite court singer, stops, and where the emperor called in his carriage and gave her a magnificent bracelet.

Emperor William, it is said, has a very extensive wardrobe. He is the owner of about as many military uniforms as there are Imperial regiments. He has special uniforms that belong to high military offices in the armies of Baden, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemburg, beside others that are peculiar to the Austrian Infantry and the *Hussars*, and four that belong to the Russian Army. He is thus enabled at a moment's notice to don any costume that diplomatic visits, military reviews, official receptions, court balls, or any other occasions of public consequence, may render desirable. In Berlin the Crown Prince is principal of the Art Institute, and on one occasion he came accompanied by his *daughters*, and forbid them speaking to the students or disturbing them in any way. We have a young relative who was a student at the institute. The Crown Prince touched him on the shoulder and said: "my friend, I would not mind being an artist myself if I could sit all day between two such beautiful ladies as you do."

The Crown Prince was in Strasburg once at a *review*, and noticed a private soldier looking at him very attentively. He said: "My friend, I think I have seen *you* before." The private replied: "I know you have, for I was once in the King's guard." The Crown Prince asked: "Is that so? then let us shake hands." In a room in the Crown Princes' palace, near Potsdam, is a fairy tea service presented by a German manufacturer. The tray was beaten out of an old Prussian coin, the size of a copper

cent. The tea-pot was made of a coin half the size of a cent, and its top of one still smaller. All the pieces are put together so nicely—you can easily recognize the name on each piece. We went to the insane asylum; went all through it. We were the guests of one of the teachers who spoke English, as did also his wife. As soon as we arrived, the ladies of our party were invited in a lovely room overlooking the yard of the institution, where we saw many of the patients engaged in different employment; the first thing we had to take cake and coffee, of *course*. The gentleman had wines and cigars; then we went over the institution; every thing was as clean as a pin. It is a large building; has about 1,200 inmates, and they were going to build another one. They have every kind of amusement for the patients, theatres, ball-rooms, gymnastics, and everything to make them happy. We spent a pleasant day, and the teacher, his wife and daughter came part of the way home with us. We all stopped at a little village where there was a festival going on. Garlands were suspended across the street, and music and dancing, singing and all kinds of games. We had to have more coffee and cake. We stayed several hours and went back to Berlin about dark, highly pleased with our visit. We left Berlin for Hanover; it was raining, and a company of soldiers were passing headed by a brass band playing a lively march.

We went from Berlin to Hanover, staying a few

days with our friends, visiting the Palm Garden, which is covered with glass, and contains beautiful fountains and palm trees, and also the new Victoria restaurant, which is very fine. On several occasions we went to see the soldiers drill.

We left Hanover for Bremen, where we stayed a week at Germania Hotel, a nice, quiet house; the Proprietor and his wife both speak English. We took long walks and drives every day: and made our preparations to leave Germany on the 2d of September, the anniversary of the battle of Sedan.

We arrived at Bremerhaven in time to take the steamer Nuremberg, Capt. Jaeger, for Baltimore: we met a gentleman and his son who went over with us in May, and we were delighted that they would be our companions on the return voyage; we had 96 cabin and 500 steerage passengers, and a rich cargo. The first few days were windy and stormy, but after that we had nice weather. The passengers were all very agreeable; we were just like one large family; every one had something pleasant to say. We had four music teachers, a bride and groom, several gay students, who had graduated in Germany; a private tutor, coming to America, with a family, to teach the languages and music; a gay party of young people from Maryland and Virginia, who were good musicians; and we had plenty of music and theatricals in the saloon, and dancing on deck. It was the captain's ninety-sixth trip, and when he made a hundred he would get a medal from the Emperor. We saw

several ships and small schooners, and one passed quite close to us which had a large dog chained on deck, and the young people yelled so loud that the dog commenced barking, and kept it up until we got out of sight. One night we came near running over a large schooner. We saw several icebergs, which were some distance from us, and looked like obelisks outlined against the sky. When we passed Dover, our steamer sent up sky-rockets. A great many of the passengers were sea-sick at first, but in a few days were all well, with the exception of a few, who continued sick the whole voyage. I was not sea-sick at all, and occupied a seat in the saloon, most of the time reading and writing. In a state-room near, a gentleman was playing "Long, Weary Day," on the Zither. We were then in *mid ocean*.

The captain said he had made 96 trips going and coming, which makes 192 times, and he says he never had such a gay company of young people. They were up to every kind of mischief. One lady said she was on the same steamer once, and there was a violent storm, and they were all thrown out of their berths, and the dishes were all thrown from the pantry shelves, and next morning there were no dishes to eat breakfast out of. Everybody was awful sea-sick, and expected to be lost, every moment; but the captain was a good navigator, and the ship strong, and they weathered the storm.

Another lady told me she crossed on the same steamer, and in a storm. The were some gay young

men from the South going to Heidelburg to finish their education; they were very rich, and spent a great deal of money in champagne and cigars, and had a lively time in their state-rooms singing songs. We made many pleasent acquaintances, and some dear friends; received many invitations to visit them. We arrived in Baltimore on the 17th. Some of our fellow passengers went with us to the same hotel.

Our pleasent visit is over, and we are at home, sweet home, but I will never forget the happy hours spent in wandering through the beautiful palaces and museums of the Old World.

O'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea
Our thoughts bound clear and our hearts are free;
Far as the breeze can bear the oceans foam,
Survey our Empire, and behold our home.

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